

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Isn't it about time the trees along the streets and boulevards were trimmed? Now they knock off hats and limbs broken by the storms still hang ugly and unpleasant along the sidewalks.

The Canadian news of the past week has been of an unusually sensational nature. Over a score of men were drowned escaping from a burning boat on Lake Nipissing; a brutal negro kicked his wife's head almost to pieces near Dresden; Luckey was sentenced at Brockville to be hanged for murdering his father, step-mother and sister; at Halifax a man well named Savage shot his wife and child and then committed suicide; at Brockville Charles Shipman was sentenced for manslaughter, and the Andrews malpractice cases have agitated Toronto. These are but samples of the unusual prevalence of crime and the number of dreadful fatalities which so often cluster together. Perhaps it is the dominancy of Jupiter, which is just now going through its evolutions in opposition to the sun, whatever that astronomical term may mean. In the United States cranks are more numerous and dangerous than ever before; bomb throwers are murdering people in Spain and a dynamite ship has exploded, blowing its crew and other ships out of the water and nearly destroying the city at the wharves of which it was fastened. If these are caused by any of the pranks of Jupiter we are dearly purchasing the brilliant exhibition which will arrive at a climax on November 18. Of course it is easy to make a passing jest on such things, yet we know not the unseen laws which govern the universe, and there may be more in astrology than we are accustomed to think. We know that the sun makes the grasses grow and the moon effects the tides, then why should we be so loath to believe that the most sensitive portion of the creation, the brain and mind of man, may also be influenced by celestial bodies? The trouble of theorizing on any such subject is a lack of data to go upon, and as the countless millions of heavenly bodies are changing their positions and relation and it is unlikely that any fixed laws will be discovered which may not be interfered with at any time by a comet whizzing through space or a new star being located by any of the astronomers millions of miles away, no such data are likely to be given us. What an interesting sight it would be if for a moment we could see and appreciate the Infinite and have for an hour even a fragment of the knowledge which those whom we call "angels" possess. If it were even vouchsafed to us to read the workings of the minds balanced and unbalanced, apparently engaged in thinking of nothing but the criminal, vicious and degrading things which disturb the people of the earth, probably we would gain that one step towards heaven, a feeling of pity and charity for those who seem so helplessly unfit to live.

Perhaps people are more unforgiving towards the unfaithful wife and recreant mother than towards any other class of offenders. In an elopement story which comes from Windsor, Ont., there is surely enough of the pathetic to justify a more gentle treatment than an erring wife and mother appears to have received from the news-gatherers who make up the week's record of events. Married at seventeen, the mother of three children, one of whom died but three months ago, she seems to have become infatuated with a young fellow three years her junior. On discovering her infidelity her husband tried to shoot her, but with a prudence which seems out of harmony with her other actions she had apparently anticipated the climax by unloading his revolver. She ran away with the young man, who had no means of caring for her, and a very brief absence from home sufficed to bring her to her senses. Returning she felt unconscious at her husband's door, thus in real life fulfilling the general finale to which we are ordinarily treated in melodrama. Hearing this strange midnight commotion at his door, her husband came out, lifted her in his arms and carried her inside. Recovering consciousness she wept and begged to be taken to his heart again and she would prove a faithful wife. Amidst mutual tears and embraces they were re-united, and the curtain drops with the second flight of the twenty-year-old disturber of domestic peace, he fearing arrest or the vengeance of the wronged husband. So much for the newspaper part of the story.

Of course there must be a domestic side of this of which we shall perhaps never hear, and as every one concerned seems to have spoken so freely about the matter there can be no harm in indulging in a few imaginings which may not be inappropriate. To my mind the only conspicuously striking thing in the whole story of folly and repentance is the way the husband forgave his silly wife and took her back to his home, where in spite of her sinful folly she still belonged. He evidently knew, and we all may easily believe, that she was not really vicious, only foolish. In social and domestic life the foolish woman is perhaps as dangerous as the vicious one, yet it is just as well to remember that while women sometimes are, men are oftentimes weak enough to listen to flattery and may be misled if tempted by those who have the charms and graces with which we ordinarily invest the villain male and female. The most incomprehensible part of it, of course, is that a woman with an indulgent husband, a prosperous home, two pretty children who wept at her knees

when she came back penitent, and the memory of a baby just dead, should become infatuated with a beardless boy, and on the other hand that the young fellow who had not yet reached his majority should so boldly play the part of Lothario. She was not in love with him; it seems like scandalizing the word to use it. If indeed there had been anything like strong passion on either side, two or three days of anxiety and poverty would not have driven them back to a town where they could not expect anything but social ostracism. Nothing remains then but to conclude that the woman was exceedingly shallow, weak and uncertain. The husband to whom she returned must appreciate this, and cannot but sometimes wonder in his own mind if the lesson taught her will be sufficient to fasten in the shifting shallows of her mind that which to others would be a terrible lesson. A man must know that when all those things that ordinarily restrain have been useless to hold a woman within the laws of propriety, he has only to hope that her future life will be better controlled by reason of the lesson learned. This lesson is that she is weak and that he is loving. It is the lesson that God has always tried to teach us, and if there be any strength in any tie it must be in this. God has shown us that by the mission of His Son, love is the only bond that will unite us with heaven and make us fit to live on earth. Because the husband

doing business would be glad if customers unable to pay their debt always returned the original article, allowing the portion paid upon it as a recompense for the altered condition of the market or the change of circumstances. The unfortunate buyer of real estate who has signed a "covenant" may be willing to restore the property and lose what he has paid upon it, and indeed is likely to have the property taken away from him, but this does not absolve him from the debt, nor does the legal machinery provide him with any means of escape even after years of penance, during which he may have struggled in vain to again achieve a competency. Why is there such a law in existence? What are its effects?

It may be said that all honest men and women fully intend to pay their debts and that they should not rail against a law which insists upon them doing so. This was the doctrine which for so many years caused the imprisonment of debtors, which, by the way, was more justifiable than the law of mortgage covenants. The debtor when put in jail, at once became unable to earn the amount for the lack of which he was imprisoned. In nearly every case the insolvency caused by being on land covenants does the same, ruining as they do the debtor's credit and making it almost impossible for him to do business. A man who buys expensive clothing and luxuries and lives

condition that they are of little service in new enterprises or in building up a city. Everyone is suspected of being in danger of being saddled with one or more covenants, and so loan societies and banks and capitalists are all afraid to let their money out of their vaults.

It may be argued that the covenant was originally intended to facilitate the purchase of land by those who had not enough to pay down a large amount in cash. No matter what its intention may have been, it has been a disastrous failure. Shrewd men speculating in real estate never make any covenants. In more than one real estate office in this city there were "dummies," that is to say, persons who never hoped to be worth a dollar in whose name transfers have been made. Thousands of transfers have been made through such irresponsible persons, and those who employed them in order to keep themselves out of reach of the reaction are smiling to themselves today at how cleverly they managed the affair. True, some wealthy men have been ruined but their failure is largely owing to having so much property remaining on their hands. Many of those who generally evaded the covenant are in the class that I have just described. Thus it was the innocent who were largely made to suffer, and I contend that in a land deal, as in any other, the parcel of property it

of the penalties which a covenant is apt to inflict. Because the State of Louisiana protected a lottery for many years it was held in reproach, while in straight-laced Canadian provinces a law remains in force more disastrous in its results to the community than either lotteries or faro games.

There are many clergymen in this city, many of the most pious and highly respected officers of churches, who are to-day practically bankrupt because they gambled in real estate and the law refuses to furnish them relief. Without this covenant business real estate booms would be neither so frequent nor so disastrous. People who trafficked in what they knew was selling at more than its value would gamble with a great deal more care; but of course gamble they would, and lose they would, for after a real estate boom you scarcely ever find anyone who made anything out of it. But after they lost their stake they would know how much they had lost and probably learn a lesson, and without being financially crippled forever, would resume their business, clean up the situation and in a couple of years at most public confidence would be restored and the affairs of the general populace resume their normal condition.

Though I have no doubt that technically I may be leaving myself open to replies on behalf of the professors of laws and logic, of one thing I feel sure, that I am talking good sense and am thoroughly conversant with the subject. It might be that the banks and the loan societies would not lend money so readily to speculators or to wild-cat builders. For that reason, if for no other, speculation would be discouraged and legitimate enterprises left consequently that much less embarrassed. The honesty of the individual is almost immaterial in this matter. Probably the majority of covenants made during the Toronto boom bore date of '88 or '89 on mortgages mostly for five years. As many of them mature between now and the end of next year, and as even the payment of interest and taxes may not be sufficient to satisfy the money lenders or the holders of the mortgages, the city's experience in the result of the covenant may be even further extended than it has been up to date. If it were not for this feeling Toronto would by this time have been in a better position, doing a better business and with a more hopeful feeling than prevailed before the boom began.

I am not by any means decrying our prospects, nor am I of the opinion that covenants and bad city government can jointly stop our progress. Very many manufacturing concerns are doing a better business than they ever did, employing more hands, making more and better goods, and fortunes are being accumulated right here. In no other city in Canada is more money being made; in no other city in Canada are opportunities to make money as good as they are here; the real estate necessary for the factories and warehouses of those who are engaged in such business is worth as much money as it ever was, in some localities more. If it were not for the feeling,

Beware the price tree a withered branch,  
Beware the awful avalanche.

of covenants, which people feel may fall upon and crush them from the most unexpected quarters, Toronto would be booming as a city never boomed before. In Winnipeg, Toronto, and to a considerable extent in Montreal, the evils inflicted by this law are of so recent a date and of such serious magnitude that it seems to me strange that it be not abolished.

DON.

## Happy Thought.

A little boy, four years of age, had strayed from Colborne into the outlying village of Nippes, where his forlorn condition excited the pity of the passers-by, who tried, but in vain, to elicit from the little fellow the name and address of his parents. All he could say was that he lived in Cologne. A woman then came by, pushed her way through the crowd, and said:

"Let me have a word with the lad. Say, my boy, where do you go to fetch your daddy's grog?"

"To Schotze Pitter's," sobbed the little urchin.

A burst of laughter greeted this announcement. One of the party who lived in the city took the child to the well known establishment in the Plankgasse, and by that means was enabled to restore him to his distracted parents.—*Kolner Zeitung.*

## Explained.

Howard's father is a physician, and one day when the doctor was out Howard and a little playmate were "playing doctor" in the real doctor's office. Presently Howard threw open a closet door and revealed an articulated skeleton to the terrified gaze of his playmate, but Howard himself was perfectly calm.

"Pooch, Walter!" he said to his playmate, "what you 'traid of? It's nothing but an old skellington!"

"Wh-wh where did it come from?" asked Walter, with chattering teeth.

"Oh, I don't know. Papa has had it a long time; I guess likely it was his first patient.—*Harper's Young People.*

## Unanswerable Logic.

Smith—Say, Jones, which of us two is the smartest?  
Jones—I am, because I know already, while you have to ask for information on the subject.—*Texas Siftings.*



The Heights of Kirbekan.

This is a sample illustration taken from the Random Reminiscences of a Nile Voyageur, which will appear in the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT. Ten pages of the number are devoted to an account of the trip of the Canadian voyageurs in 1884 up the Nile with General Wolsley, in that fruitless attempt to rescue Chinese Gordon. These Reminiscences are written by Charles Lewis Shaw, and for stirring episode and magnificent humor were never surpassed. They will thrill and convulse Canada. There are fourteen illustrations in all, two of them large, full page engravings, one depicting the heroic last fight of Col. Burnaby, the other being a spirited view of the boats ascending the Cataract of Dal. These were specially painted by our English illustrator from photographs taken on the spot. The other twelve illustrations are by A. H. H. Heming and Miss Ethel Palin, the one presented to-day is from the brush of the latter. Our Christmas Number this year contains sixty-two illustrations, the work of—in addition to those mentioned above—J. A. Feraud of New York, M. Hearn, Louis Wain the great English feline painter, and reproductions from Hokusai, the Japanese artist.

despised the sneers of those who will call him soft and laugh at his forbearance, I repeat that the only striking feature in the whole episode is the beauty of his forgiveness, which shows a gentle reflection of the God-like spirit.

Will our clergymen next Sunday say something about the evil of which the Andrew's doings are a symptom. I am not sure what a decent-minded journalist ought to do, so I await the pulpits. Is the evil one that should be ignored?

The two cities of Canada where knowledge is most prevalent with regard to mortgage covenants are Toronto and Winnipeg. After ten years of hard struggling the latter is emerging from the protracted depression which followed the boom. In Toronto we are probably about to enter the deepest ditch to be crossed by those who so eagerly and unfortunately engaged in the craze of buying real estate "on margin." The Covenanters of Scotland had a hard time evading their persecutors, and the "covenanters" of Toronto will probably be hunted to their caves almost as pitilessly. They may excite less sympathy inasmuch as they are on a mortgage covenant rather than a religious one, but it seems to me their condition is sufficiently unfortunate to deserve a little discussion of the phase of land transfer which has caused and is likely to cause such widespread disaster.

When a man sells a horse, or a cow, or a load of wood, or goods of any kind, and obtains but a portion of the purchase price, he does not exact from the purchaser a perpetual bond to be responsible for the balance, nor does the law make provision for putting a man in a position of permanent bankruptcy because he is unable to fulfill his contract. Indeed, the merchants

beyond his means, unless he be exceedingly foolish must be aware that he is day by day defrauding his creditors. But the majority of those who sign mortgage covenants are utterly ignorant of the responsibility and far-reaching effect of giving such a bond. I venture to affirm that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the class engaged in small land speculations during the boom were ignorant of the fact that should the mortgage they assume, and transfer to another, be left unpaid, they become the defaulters' guarantor and will be held for the debt.

I met on a train leaving Toronto an old man and his wife, and their sons and daughters and daughters-in-law, ten in all, leaving Canada for the United States in order to escape covenants amounting to some sixty thousand dollars, which was the duplicate of the amount in cash they had invested in real estate, and which they were abandoning in order to be free from the unending embarrassment sure to follow the failure of their "deals." There are thousands more in the same position. A mother and three daughters who had been left between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars, were "harrassed" into a land deal. They lost their money, their home, and such of their furniture as was not exempt. The mother is now taking in sewing and the girls are working in stores. I could give if I liked a half a hundred equally pitiful examples of the working of this scheme for procuring payment of a debt. In every case the land reverts to the previous holder and from him to the man before him, involving them all, if they are without large means, in common bankruptcy.

One reason that a city is so slow in getting over its boom is the fear of the dreadful covenant. Those whose failure does not drive away are so often left in a stricken and hopeless

self and the personal reliability of the purchaser should be sufficient without any extra bond. The debt for land or for interest should only be recoverable in the ordinary way. The fact that there is an extraordinary and most oppressive way, leads people in moments of speculative craze to parcel out large properties, inveigle unwary investors into becoming responsible for portions of them, and these wary ones are they who are the fathers of a land boom and the ones responsible for the final crash.

Now, speculation in land is just as much gambling as speculation in stocks. The man who goes into a "bucket shop" and puts up a margin on stock has never seen may fall to make a profit, but he is not forever held sponsor for the value of that stock; his connection with it ceases when the margin was consumed by the decline in the price of what he had purchased. A bet on a horse race does not make a man responsible for the horse every time he runs thereafter, nor does a bet on a boat race make you liable to pay for the boat or insurance on the life of the oarsman if both happen to go to the bottom. Buying real estate on margin is just as much gambling as any of these. People get crazy and buy pieces of mud they never saw and pay up ten per cent. of its value as a bet that it will go higher. It is without doubt the most indefensible of all gambling, as it has more to do with injuring the commercial prosperity of the locality than any other. And why should the statutes of a state or province protect shrewd gamblers by enslaving their debtors for life? It is more disastrous than the other forms of gambling, because it induces by its apparent respectability and safety persons to engage in it who are entirely unversed in the law which governs the transaction and are unaware



## Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Warwick celebrated their wedding at their pretty home on Markham street, last Tuesday evening, by a numerous attended and delightful progressive euchre party. The reception rooms were charmingly decorated with palms and chrysanthemums and the floral offerings of congratulation sent by many friends. Mrs. Warwick received in a handsome gown of strawberry silk, relieved with jet. Among the guests I remarked: Dr. and Mrs. Milman, Messrs. and Mesdames G. W. Gowanlock, G. B. Smith, Fred Cox, Carrick, Harry Symons, Rutter, Dan Ross, John Dixon, L. K. Cameron, Morris, Charles Maddison, S. Burns, Mrs. R. Warwick, Mrs. Clougher, Mrs. Oliphant, Misses Alice and Libby Dixon, McWhirter, Armstrong, Carrie Rowland, Sinson, Carrie Smith, and Messrs. G. R. Warwick, McLean, Falls, Ralph Tilley, and a number of others. Many useful, handsome and artistic gifts were received by the host and hostess, among which were a fine oak chair, a painting, and an elegant cabinet from Miss Murphy of Ottawa.

Miss Lena Stinson of Belleville is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Warwick, 427 Markham street.

Mrs. Fred H. Thompson of Dominion street, Parkdale, gave a small evening last Monday for the Misses Gamon and Stephens, of Collingwood, who have been her guests for the past week. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee entertained a number of friends at cards one evening last week at their home on Jarvis street.

Mrs. Creelman of St. Vincent street gave a card party last week, at which a very pleasant company of young people were present.

Mr. James Martin, ex manager of the Parkdale branch of the Standard Bank, has gone to California to reside, much to the regret of his numerous circle of friends, by whom he was held in the highest esteem. On the Monday preceding his departure, Mr. Samuel Shaw of Jameson avenue gave an evening in his honor, and Mr. W. A. Clement presented Mr. Martin with a beautiful case of pipes richly mounted in silver, and voiced the sentiments of the donors in a very happy speech, after which the company enjoyed a delicious oyster supper. Those present were: Messrs. Clement, Ryckman, Chandler, Jagger, Fenwick, Clarence, Farr, Mrs. McKenzie and Silverthorne and Signor Pier Delasco.

Mrs. Cawthra of Yeaton Hall entertained a number of friends at dinner last evening in honor of her sister and guest, Mrs. Young.

Mrs. George Gooderham of Waverley has issued cards for a ball, to mark the debut of her daughter, Miss Lillie Gooderham, and Miss Brouse. This stylish event will take place on Wednesday next.

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock has been on a visit to Bay City for a few days. On Saturday afternoon this delightful hostess entertained a few friends at an impromptu tea to meet Mr. Sousa and Miss Von Stosch. The beautiful violinist charmed everyone by her exquisite playing. Signor Delasco sang excellently and Mr. Harry Field played to the delight of all present. Seldom does one hear such excellent music in a Toronto drawing room. Mr. Sousa made many friends, and is a most agreeable and well-bred gentleman, while everyone was charmed with Miss Von Stosch, who is as fascinating and clever socially as artistically. Mrs. Blackstock's tea was a happy inspiration to enable some of our beau monde to meet these successful artists.

Mr. Adam Brown of Hamilton will deliver a lecture on the World's Fair, on Tuesday, Nov. 14th, in Association Hall, under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Hamilton is enthusiastic over this lecture, and no doubt it will be a treat to Toronto in turn.

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, of Maple Croft, gave a lovely tea on Thursday.

A number of fashionables attended the Sousa concert on Friday and Saturday. On Friday I remarked: Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, who never miss a good concert; Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and Miss Macbeth Milligan, Mr. McMaster and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas and Mrs. Hees, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey, Mrs. Charles Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. Cockshutt, Mrs. and Miss Gooderham, and many others. On Saturday afternoon, at the matinee, I noticed Mrs. Fraser Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Miss McMurray, Miss May Walker, Mr. C. Smith, Mr. and the Misses Nairn, Dr. Thistle, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Dr. Jones and many others.

Mrs. S. G. Wood's charming lecture on the World's Fair was given last week in Trinity school house, in a manner which marked the clever woman and the magnetic lecturer. Mrs. Wood's bright observation and capital judgment combined with her happy turn of expression to provide a beautiful evening for her hearers. The place was crowded with well known people and a great addition to the lecture was supplied by a series of excellent lime light transparencies, arranged and shown by Messrs. Harry English and Blackburn. Mrs. Wood is requested to repeat her lecture at Mimico in the Public School hall, on Thursday, November 16, for the benefit of Canon Tremaine's church.

The engagement of Miss Madeline Falconbridge and Mr. Anglin, second son of Hon. Timothy Anglin, is announced.

The following ladies have consented to act as chaperons for Living What in aid of Grace Homeopathic Hospital on November 29, 30 and December 1: Mesdames F. D'Auria, Charles Blackford, John Brown, John J. Palmer, J. B. Hall, J. S. King, Reginald Northcote, F. Arnold, C. H. Nelson, Robert Gooderham, R. B. Hamilton, M. Macfarland and Miss Shanly. A

great deal of interest is being taken in the affair and success seems assured to the earnest workers.

The engagement of Mr. Wilnot Strathy and Miss Ritchie is announced.

Mrs. George H. Gooderham of 504 Jarvis street gives a dance on November 23.

Mrs. J. A. Graham leaves for Winnipeg to-night. Miss Kate McDermid will accompany her and spend the winter there.

The Misses Hugel have returned to Toronto for the winter, and are staying at 64 St. George street.

Miss Marie Hughes, daughter of Mr. B. B. Hughes, has returned from a three years' sojourn on the continent, where she has been studying languages.

St. Stephen's Y. P. A. held their first open meeting on Monday evening. Mr. Barlow Cumberland, who has been prevailed upon to accept the presidency of the society, was chairman. Mrs. Weekham, Misses Merritt, Hope, Code, Creighton, Bridgland and Messrs. Mills and Freeman provided an excellent programme. Mrs. Pepler was a most successful accompanist. The interest taken by everyone in the society is most encouraging.

Miss Annie McKenna of College street has returned from Chicago.

The inmates of the Home for Incurables were treated to another of those jolly little concerts last Friday night, which they so often have the pleasure of listening to. Mrs. R. B. Hamilton is to be thanked for her efforts in getting up these entertainments, as there is a great deal of hard work connected with securing talent. Col. R. B. Hamilton, a capital chairman, made a witty little speech, which was responded to by Mr. Hayden on behalf of the Home. The following took part: Mrs. Thompson, who sang very sweetly; Miss Lillie Slaven, who recited beautifully, being encored time and again, and Messrs. Paul Jarvis, Darby, and Merrick.

It will be a matter of some interest to the many fashionable young society people who last year enjoyed the hospitality of that popular organization of the West End known as The Polar Club, to learn that steps are being taken to arrange the dates for this year's programme. A preliminary meeting of last year's executive was held at the residence of Mr. H. F. Strickland, their indefatigable secretary. On Monday evening of last week it was decided to have one at home on or about December 1, and another immediately after Lent. A committee was appointed to wait upon the ladies who last year took such a friendly interest in the success of these gatherings as lady patronesses and in other capacities. After this important matter has been attended to a general meeting of the club will be called.

A very pretty marriage took place in St. Thomas' church, Huron street, on Wednesday evening, when Mr. H. J. Hill, the well known and popular manager of the Toronto Exhibition, was married to Miss Florence Prior. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Roper, with full choral service, and the church was filled by the friends of the bride and groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Marjorie Smith and Miss Edith Hill, whilst little Miss Alice Hill filled the part of maid of honor. Mr. Wm. Crocker was the groomsmen, and Mr. James Blackey gave away the bride. After the ceremony a *recherche* wedding breakfast was partaken of at the residence of Mr. James Blackey, No. 134 St. George street. The wedding presents from the friends of the bride and bridegroom were valuable and numerous, among them being a magnificent banquet lamp and dinner set from the members of the Woodbine Driving Club, and a pearl and diamond ring from the groom. Among the guests from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Hill, Detroit, and Miss Lucie E. Hill, Vana, Michigan. The happy couple left for Chicago and St. Louis, and a trip on the Mississippi River, which will occupy three or four weeks.

Mrs. Chopitea has gone to New York to place her two sons at school. Miss Chopitea is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Seales, Wellington place.

The Rev. T. C. Street Macklem entertained the men of St. Simon's congregation at the rectory, Elm avenue, on Monday evening. A large number of the parishioners enjoyed a thoroughly social evening. Mr. Macklem succeeded in making them feel very pleasantly the spirit of good-fellowship which always obtains in his hospitable home. An elegant supper was served.

Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer returned last week from England.

The annual meeting of the Infants' Home was held last Friday afternoon. A large number of those warm-hearted ladies who amid the numerous calls of social and home life yet find time to interest themselves in unfortunate little ones, were present, and a satisfactory meeting was held. Afternoon tea was very elegantly served.

A combined annual meeting, which interested a large number of well known people, was held on Saturday at Mimico by the officers of the Alexandra and Victoria Industrial schools. The visitors much admired the growing flowers in the new hot-houses; the show of roses, carnations and violets does credit to the skill of the gardener and the excellence of the soil. The officers' dining-room held tables for honored guests, which were profusely decorated with choice banks of Marechal Niel roses, ferns and carnations. The majority of the guests took tea and cake in the boys' dining-hall, and were sedulously waited upon by handy table boys belonging to the school. Subscriptions were taken for the monthly paper written and published by the boys, which is a very creditable sheet, and for which a large number of persons subscribed.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark gives a large tea on Saturday next.

Several post-nuptial receptions were held on afternoons and evenings of last week. Mrs. Harry Pringle received on Tuesday and

Wednesday at her pretty new home on Madison avenue. This bijou residence sets forth in every dainty arrangement the love and forethought of the bride's parents, whose marriage gift it was. Mrs. Pringle wore her bridal gown of white faille and pearl trimmings, and was assisted by Misses Dixon, McFarlane and Hoke. Mrs. Pringle's rooms were decorated with flowers, and presented the prettiest bridal home which has been seen in Toronto for some time.

Mrs. T. A. Rowan of Bedford road also received on Thursday and Friday afternoon and evening. Mrs. Rowan wore her rich wedding gown of white satin, and was assisted by her maid of honor, Miss Bugz, her sisters, the Misses Helliwell, and Miss McQuay. Both reception and refreshment rooms were redolent of the perfume of exotics and softly lit with silk-shaded lamps, with pretty effect.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watson have moved into their new home, 217 St. George street. Mrs. Watson will be at home to her friends on Tuesdays after November 14.

Mr. A. F. Webster, general steamship agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, booked the following Torontonians to sail this week for Europe: Mr. T. Eaton, Mr. J. Greenfield, Mr. Jas. Scott, Mr. Wm. Benson, Miss Gillespie, Mr. Chris Pointer, Mr. Wm. Gosling, Mr. R. Lester and Mr. Thos. Iddles.

Mrs. W. R. Houston of 452 Markham street will receive on Tuesday and Friday of next week.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Luke's church on Wednesday afternoon, the bridegroom being Dr. R. D. Sanson of Calgary, N. W. T., son of Canon Sanson, and the bride Miss Beatrice Webber, sister of Mr. Bertram Webber, of 29 Gwynn street. The ceremony was performed by Canon Sanson, assisted by the Rector, Rev. Dr. Langtry. Miss Webber's bridal dress was of white crepon and satin, with veil and orange blossoms; she carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Miss Ruth Morphy was bridesmaid and wore a pretty and becoming gown of yellow tints trimmed with satin, and carried yellow chrysanthemums. Little Miss Muriel Morphy of Grimsby, niece of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and was prettily dressed in cream figured cashmere and carried a basket of flowers. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. Webber, who also gave her away. The best man was Mr. John Sanson, brother of the groom. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. Webber, and the congratulations of a large circle of friends were offered. Dr. and Mrs. Sanson left on Wednesday evening for Calgary, (via Chicago) where they will reside for the future. Among the guests I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Cassels, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, M. and Mrs. W. G. P. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cassels, Mrs. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Morphy of Grimsby, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. P. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dick of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Stupart, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, Mrs. and Miss Eva Langtry, Canon and Mrs. Green of Orillia, Misses Dallas, Hims-worth, Kate Esten, Mr. A. W. Morphy and others.

Mrs. George H. Gooderham gave a bridal dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pringle on Tuesday of last week, at which the wedding party composed the circle of guests. They afterwards adjourned to the opera and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Mrs. Jack Massey gave a pleasant afternoon tea at her pretty home in Rosedale on Tuesday afternoon. Some of her guests were: Mrs. W. S. Lee and Miss Lee, Mesdames Jackes, H. Pellatt, George, R. B. Hamilton, Lillie, C. Lee, Roaf, Blackstock, G. Massey of New York, Eby, W. Lee, and Fuller.

Mrs. Dan Rose gave an evening last week for two lady friends from New Orleans, who paid a flying visit to Toronto. A delightful reunion was held and Mrs. Rose proved as usual a charming and successful hostess.

A number of modish dames are attending the ever-popular cooking classes held on Wednesday afternoons in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Elm street. The lecturer explains and illustrates the mysteries of the successful *cuisine* from 2.30 to 4.30, and much valuable information is secured.

At the meeting of the Woman's Art Association of Canada, held in their studio 89 Canada Life Building, the following officers were elected for the following year: Mrs. M. E. Dixon, president; Miss M. McConnell, first vice-president; Miss D. E. Clark, second vice-president; Mrs. Hemsted, corresponding secretary; Miss M. Anslly Sullivan, recording secretary; Miss Annie Gormley, treasurer.

Miss Jessie Alexander and the Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club give an evening entertainment at Association Hall on Monday next.

A wedding of interest to Toronto readers took place at Galt on Wednesday afternoon, it being the marriage of Mr. Thomas Gibbard, of Lyman, Knox & Co., and Miss Margaret E. Blain of Galt. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbard will take up their quarters for the winter in Toronto, having taken rooms at the Arlington.

Major-General Herbert and Captain Streetfield visited Toronto this week.

Canon DuMoulin was in Brantford on Wednesday, attending the choral festival held in Grace church. A choir of two hundred voices performed the music, and the Canon preached in his most eloquent manner to the immense congregation.

The united parade of the Toronto Garrison to the Pavilion on Sunday afternoon will be a notable event and most interesting to the fair sex, who dearly love a uniform. Queen's Own Grenadiers and Kilites will each have their admirers, and the classes of our Sunday Schools will probably be slimly attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Score have removed to 72 St. Mary street. Mrs. Score will receive on Wednesdays.

The Toronto Camera Club gave a lovely

entertainment on Thursday evening, of World's Fair views, to a delighted audience in Association Hall.

Messrs. B. B. Osler, Q.C., and William Lount, Q.C., left on Tuesday evening for Port Arthur.

The Right Rev. Monsignor O'Brien of Rome, guest of Mr. Patrick Hughes, of Jarvis street, has entirely recovered from his recent illness.

Dr. Sproule, M.P., for East Gray, was in town on Tuesday.

The many friends of Mr. Fred Fraser of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, will hear with regret of the death of his wife, Frances Mary Ross, daughter of Donald P. Ross of this city.

Miss Kate J. Kennedy, formerly of Toronto, has been appointed assistant superintendent of nurses at the Buffalo General Hospital.

Mr. B. M. Britton, Q.C., of Kingston, was in town on Monday.

The lady students of the city were tendered a reception by the Y. W. C. Guild in the building on McGill street last Saturday evening. Over five hundred were present. An excellent programme was rendered, after which short addresses were given by Chancellor Burwash and Mr. Wilkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan have given up their residence in Rosedale for the winter and are living at 55 Carlton street.

Mrs. E. D. Cameron, the Misses Strickland, Miss Jennie Hugel, Mr. Strickland, Captain Evans, and Messrs. Mowat and Cosbie formed a pretty theater party last week.

Rev. Dr. Burns has returned from his trip through the Eastern counties.

Inspector Hughes has been invited to speak at the Massachusetts State Teachers' Association in Boston on November 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hughes sailed for England last week.

Mr. W. T. R. Preston, librarian of the Provincial Legislature, returned on Monday from Iowa.

Miss Mary Cameron, with her cousin Miss Ethel Woods of New York, returned on Tuesday morning after a two months' visit with friends in Vancouver, B. C., and Tacoma, Washington Territory.

Professor Clark of Trinity College has removed to 193 Crawford street, one door south of his former residence.

The officers of the Royal Grenadiers have decided to hold the three assemblies which were so popular during the last three years again this season. The first one will be given at Webb's on Thursday evening, December 7. The Governor-General and Countess Aberdeen with His Excellency's staff have been invited to attend, and it is expected that the General and Honorable Mrs. Herbert will be at the first one. The assemblies are entirely subscription dances, and can only be obtained through the officers of the regiment. The very good rule adopted in former years of limiting the number of subscribers in order to prevent overcrowding will be adhered to.

A large number of visitors called at Matthews' this week to admire Mr. George Bruenech's beautiful water colors. A great deal of pleasure was expressed by the critics, and taste was about equally divided between the Norwegian and Perce pictures on the east wall, and a soft and lovely little bit of Muskoka wood and water on Shadow river, which occupies the place of honor.

Society is beginning to waken up for the winter. I am told of numerous teas, receptions and dances which will brighten the coming month, and some of our newly made matrons are laying pretty plans for our amusement. Private theatricals are whispered of by one of Toronto's most energetic hostesses, and two beautiful women are spoken of as the principal performers. A number of theater parties are being formed for the Grand next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Sherbourne street recently wheeled from Toronto to Kingston and had a most enjoyable outing. These mild November days have been the delight of our cyclists.

The Toronto Bicycle Club gives a stag party and lime-light view evening on Monday at the club house, Jarvis street.

Adams & Sons Co. have received the highest award from the World's Columbian Exposition for the quality of their Tutti Frutti and their other brands of Chewing Gum, also for the excellence of the flavors contained in their gums and the artistic manner in which they are packed.

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N. B.—Ladies living out of town will find it a great convenience to send for Our Measurement Sheet, whereby we can guarantee a perfectly fitting dress without personal interview. A great saving of time and expense.  
Special attention given to Sample Department and orders by mail.  
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November's Birthday Stone

Who first comes to this world below  
With dear November's fog and snow,  
Should prize the TOPAZ's amber hue,  
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## Varsity Chat.

THE one subject of interest to the students all week has been the action of the College Council regarding the Hallowe'en trouble. Six men were summoned before this august assembly and fined fifteen dollars each, and one of them had only cheered at the fall of the structure. An indignation meeting was held on Friday evening, at which a committee was appointed to draw up a petition to present to Council. Fiery speeches were delivered and the opinion was expressed that the Council had gone outside its prerogative in imposing fines, and some were prepared to go to the courts and stand rustication rather than pay. The freshmen met and unanimously resolved to pay the fine imposed on the one member of their year fined, the whole amount to be paid in coppers.

Upwards of three hundred students signed the petition, and a second mass meeting was called at which a committee of five, was appointed to present the cause of the students before the Council. The six are martyrs, while the president and Council come in for very strong condemnation, especially as the

by our *sancti magistri* and the interest they take in affairs of this kind.

The under-graduates of St. Hilda's gave a very pleasant Hallowe'en euchre party on Tuesday last, at which several of their contemporaries from Trinity were present.

At the meeting of the Literary Institute on Friday evening, the 3rd inst., the following programme was carried out: Debate, Resolved, that a legislative union is to be preferred to a



Varsity III. vs. Hamilton.

federal. Carter Troop, M.A., and Osborne, '95, for the affirmative; Cattanach, '94, and Osler, E. G., '95, for the negative. The affirmative won by a large majority. Mr. Francis, B. A., gave a very interesting essay on the American school system, and Mr. Bushell, '96, an exceptionally good reading. RED AND BLACK.

## Victoria University.

HALLOWEEN passed very quietly around our College, as most of our boys were assisting their Varsity brethren in their attempts to beautify the campus.

The Y.M.C.A. has entered upon its work this year with more than usual earnestness. Finding that Saturday evening was a poor time to get a representative body of the under-graduates together, it has changed the time of meeting to Wednesday at 5 p. m. And the increased attendance shows the wisdom of the change.

The Association football team has been practicing regularly under R. Y. Parry, '95, the newly elected captain. It ended this week into the inter-year and inter-college contests, its first opponents being the School of Practical Science.

The Board of Regents has announced that it has commissioned Mr. J. W. L. Forster to paint two more portraits of men distinguished for their connection with our university. They are Rev. Egerton Ryerson, D.D. LL.D., first president of the college, and Rev. S. S. Nelles, M.A. LL.D., the late lamented chancellor. They will be finished before next convocation.

The Conversations committee has almost completed arrangements whereby the Ontario Ladies' College of Whitby will furnish the literary programme on the occasion of the annual convocation of the university on December 15. Principal Hare and his young ladies are too well known in this city to need any words of praise from us, and this simple announcement will be sufficient to show the high-class entertainment with which we hope to greet our friends. BLUE AND BLACK.

## MRS. CROCKER'S NEW BOOK

Author of "Proper Pride," "Family Likeness," &c.

## "A THIRD PERSON"

A smart and racy story is "A Third Person," just issued in the International series Canadian Copyright Novels. It possesses all the vivacity and humor so characteristic of its author, Mrs. B. M. Crocker, and it offers the further excellence of strikingly funny situations. On sale to-day at John P. McKenna's, Bookseller, 80 Yonge St., near corner King. This tale is one of clever devices and fortunate hits in plot and character, and it is as refreshing as the bright wit of a clever woman.

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THE glove counters have few idle turns at this time of year. It's the time when one must wear gloves, both for comfort and looks. Not without reason we pride ourselves on the splendid selection and quality of our glove stocks throughout.

Special value in Black Cashmere Gloves, all wool, 16, 20s. Extra fine, 30s; reinforced finger tips, 35s. Silk Plated Cashmere, with frame-made fingers, 40s. Wool Infusant and Bootees, 10, 15s. Good Reliable Kid Gloves, sell at 35s., worth 75s. 7-book Lacing Gloves, in 4 button, for 75s. Extra fine quality in Perrin's Elegance, with guests between fingers, perfect fitting, \$1; complete assortment of shades.

Latest novelties in "Perrin's Adonia," \$1 25, with large pearl buttons, fancy embroideries and bindings to match, such as brown finished with gold, tan with green, and dark green kid finished with gold and cardinal, also black with cardinal, gold, heliotrope and white. Perrin's Elegance, 7-book lacing, in finest quality and perfect fitting, \$1 25. Special value in Gentle Kid Gloves for \$1. Evening Silk Gloves in all shades, good quality, 15 inches long, 65s; 22 inches long, 75s; 27 inches long, \$1.

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Each section of the corset is so formed as to maintain the vertical lines of the body, and readily conforms to the figure of the wearer.

It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon steel, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability.

Each steel (or stay) is nickel-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal tipped to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric.

The steels (or stays) are increased in separate pockets and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

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was aware. The words now were quite distinct, although to Felix they possessed no definite meaning.

"Keep him off! Keep him off!" Archie was crying. "He'll strangle me if he gets near me! Keep him off me, I say!"

Felix tried to quiet him and at last succeeded in getting him to lie down again. But from the state of excitement he fell into the deepest exhaustion and lay for some time quite unconscious, with scarcely a pulsation to mark the flow of life in his veins. But in an hour or two, when the deadly chill of dawn had passed away and the sunshine began to flood the little room, he opened his eyes with a perfectly sane and collected look and Felix saw at once that, for the time at least, the feverish symptoms had left him, and although they would probably return he augured well from their diminution.

Archie looked at him in silence for a minute or two with a look of pleasure rather than of surprise, then he said faintly:

"Am I dreaming still, or is it really you, Felix?"

"It is really myself," said Felix, taking the nerveless hand into his own strong grasp, "and I have come to find you and take you home again."

Archie was very weak. His blue eyes filled with tears as he murmured faintly, "Home to Marjory!"

"Yes, to Marjory and all your friends. You should not have gone away, old fellow; you might have trusted me."

"That was what Marjory said," Archie murmured, "but I thought I'd gone beyond the bounds even of your patience."

"No such thing," said Felix cheerily. "But we will talk about that when you are better; all you have to do now is to get well and to come home with me to Marjory."

Archie pressed his hand faintly in reply, but seemed far too weak to enter into any further conversation, and Felix, after administering some nourishment, was glad to see him fall into a calm and refreshing sleep.

(To be Continued.)

#### California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

#### Too Much of a Good Thing.

A.—Only think! I gave that little brother of my Laura a shilling to procure me a lock of her hair, and—  
B.—Well, and—  
A.—The rascal actually brought me her whole head of hair!—*Lustige Blätter.*

#### Unstable Equilibrium.

"What a queer fellow you are! At one time you are exceedingly jolly, and at another quite down in the dumps. You never seem able to hit the happy mean."  
"How can I help it? When my heart is heavy my purse is light, and when my purse is heavy my heart is light."—*Rotterdamse Courant.*

## FOUND A TREASURE

Far More Precious than the Kohinoor Diamond!

## A MINE OF WONDROUS WEALTH!

The Disappointed Ones are Leaving the Old and Dried-Up River Beds and are Rushing to the Marvellous Pool!

## NONE SEARCH IN VAIN!

Cheering News Comes in Every Day!

The fortunate finder richly deserves the great treasure. The precious gem found after eleven years of terrible labor and suffering, and the finder considers it of greater value than the rich Kohinoor stone.

The treasure seeker who toiled so fruitlessly for over a decade struck a mine of wondrous wealth. Its treasures are supposed to be inexhaustible; its great reputation is now worldwide, and thousands of disappointed ones are fast leaving the old and dried-up river beds and are rushing to the marvellous mine.

When the wonderful mine is reached by those who have journeyed for weeks and months in agony, pain and suspense, no seeker is disappointed; there is a treasure for all.

Readers, this mine of wondrous wealth is Paine's celery compound; the precious gems it promises are health, strength, robustness and new life. Are you prepared to remain beside the dried-up river beds of the poor and useless preparations that possess no treasures for your future? Will you languish and pine in misery and suffering while others pick up the gems of a new and better life?

Arise, ye suffering men and women! This precious gift of new life is worth seeking for! Physicians have been unable to give it to you! It is found only in Paine's celery compound!

Let us ask you to read the letter of Mrs. Joseph Smith of Gananoque, Ont., a lady who has recently renewed her life. Mrs. Smith writes as follows:

"In writing to you about Paine's celery compound, it is impossible for me to properly express my joy and thanks for the good that I have derived from the great medicine. For about eleven years I have had those terrible shaking spells every three weeks. Last winter I was a victim to violent stomach pains to such an extent that I could not straighten myself, and for days I went without food, thinking that it was the cause of trouble; but even abstaining from food did not better my condition. I would blast up very much across my bowels, and the doctors told me I would die in one of my bad spells. I fortunately used your Paine's celery compound with the grandest results. I can now sleep well, and take my meals with comfort and find no distress afterwards. I am better now than I have been for many years, and feel well and strong although I am 65 years old. I will always be pleased to recommend your great medicine to my friends."

No Doubt.



HE—Which do you prefer, lemon squash or champagne?  
SHE—Upon what?

SHE—That all depends.  
SHE—Who pays for it.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

#### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

AGNES MARIA.—You are strong, ambitious, witty, independent, persistent, self-conscious and immature.

NADDER.—I think you are right in calling your writing unformed. A delineation of it would displease you greatly.

EMILIO.—I am sorry you missed your study. I am too busy to hunt it up for you, since you did not give me the date.

JOHN M.—I hope you will write whenever you need to talk over your affairs. I am always so glad to hear from you.

M. A. D.—You are rather an easy-going and cool customer, fond of fun, hopeful and genial in temperament, matter of fact and sensible, rather conservative, with good energy and some independence; honesty and truth are yours and strong social instincts.

MARGERY DAW.—Excessive idealism, love of fun, curiosity and decided lack of culture are shown. You have not developed back, your taste is crude and while you are positive and earnest, you lack decision and self-control. Now, see what a horrid delineation an undeveloped study gives, and wait until you can do better, Margery.

FRANCIS.—You have doubtless received your reply long ago. How often must I repeat that answers are given in turn? If your friend received here a little in advance, it was probably because he came first on the week's allotment. When one receives several letters in a day, each containing half a dozen studies, the column is soon filled up for a month.

WHISKERS.—I don't blame me for delay. If you had enclosed coupon I should have found it. It's stuck fast to the paper this time at all events. 2. Your writing shows some energy, generosity and honesty of purpose, discretion, impulse, love of novelty, care for details, perseverance, and a practical mind. In your own way, you have much force of character.

M. A. N.—You are refined, dainty, clever and good-tempered, with self-control, some sense of humor, discretion and a hopeful and somewhat willing nature. You are a trifle curious and not particularly vivacious in manner. Care, order and good judgment are yours. A quiet and even disposition, not apt to startle by any display of force or energy, but to attract and charm.

SAM HILL.—I. You see you are worse off than your friend. How must you have suffered! I am really very sorry, but it is not my fault. 2. Your lines show vivacity, ability, some energy and a smart temper. Don't you sometimes get cross and make your surroundings feel it? You like novelty, are decided and somewhat independent. A bright, breezy and rather young creature, are you not?

MARIA HILDA.—Extreme individuality and inventive genius, artistic temperament, firm purpose and excessive tenacity are yours. You are imaginative, independent, somewhat impulsive and idealistic, a forceful, facile and clever personage, refined and cultured, but lacking repose and self-control. I should fancy you slightly impatient, but a charming person socially and slightly ambitious to shine.

AGNESS.—I. I think your *nom de plume* betrays some originality, at all events. 2. Your writing shows much daintiness and refined character, some hope and cleverness, excellent and pleasant temper, a lack of force and soap, which is foreign to your deliberate and careful method, wonderful sequence of ideas and excellent judgment. You are careful of details, of light but constant will, excessive love of beauty and much tact and amiability.

MISS MOROSE.—You are affectionate, constant, impulsive and lack a sequence of ideas, firmness of will and sense of proportion. At the same time you are possessed of the strongest wish to do right, a charmingly taking manner, rather a good temper, care and truthfulness, and though you are averse to being put out and a trifle inclined to despond under trial, you are, I am sure, a pleasant person. I could not do as you requested. I do not think you are very ancient.

WATCH HARE.—It makes no difference whether you give your own or an assumed name, though some graphologists demand the autograph of every writer. It is an eloquent study, usually. 2. Your writing shows care, love of beauty, and a gentle and humble temper. You are rather soft and sensitive and fond of soft corners, ambitious to succeed, adaptable and fond of buoyant and hopeful nature. You are candid, honest and while somewhat lacking force and snap, a very sweet and likable person.

TAMMINE.—I. Does she interest! Then your teacher is a goose! Your writing is most interesting and will be more so. 2. It shows a very strong individuality, remarkable tenacity, much ability and a quiet sense of fun. You are not a merry subject though, and if in good health you are not yet enough matured to exercise it fully. You have some facility, sense of honor, discretion, the makings of a noble and original creature. Never mind the teacher! LA VALLIERE.—You are impulsive, fond of plans and tactics, apt to weep often than to laugh in the face of

trouble; of refined instincts, pretty taste and decided ability. Don't think you are me, you little mouse, by whispering that you know who I am. Who cares if you do? You are decidedly original and love your own way, have some talent for organizing and carrying out affairs, great love of romance, charming temper, cool affection and a decided love of your sweet self. Also your imagination paints you pretty pictures and your curiosity asks many questions.

JACK, Peterboro'.—1. In what a calm way you get in your soft soldier, my down-east friend! Well, we can stand lots of compliments. 2. Your writing shows pluck, energy and a good deal of snap; you love motion, life and lots of fun socially, and are sure to be popular. Hope, enterprise and some refinement of taste are shown. You are a little variable in your fancies and moods, and very candid and communicative on things in general. I have had a lot of good studies to-day; yours is one of them. By the way, haven't you a large and healthy imagination, and don't you revel in great plans, whether your own or another's?

FORREST M. N.—This is a well worn *nom de plume*, but for the guidance of my correspondent, I might say there is a pretty little flower like her name on the envelope enclosing the study. 1. Your writing shows refinement, energy and a sweet disposition, somewhat fond of building castles in the air, tenacious of opinions and habits, very apt to idealize, and both bright and attractive in manner. The writer may be young, but her character is formed for life. Very great ability in some chosen pursuits and capacity for all the fun going, a little curiosity, excellent discretion. What a very nice female you are! I shall certainly not forget you.

M. McLEOD.—1. What do I think about a hysterical desire to laugh when you should not? My dear, I think your self-control is weak, and you are too self-conscious. Think how undignified indiscreet giggles are and you won't giggle so much. 2. You are amiable and a trifle selfish, withdrawn and constant affection; perseverance and rather a discreet and cautious nature, a vivacious manner and rather a tenacious opinion are yours. You dearly love a joke; little curls of humor are on many of your letters. I don't think you're very old, but in some ways you're well matured and your writing shows a distinct individuality which should lead to good things.

JHANNI.—1. Is that first letter a J or an I? I can't be quite sure; it ought to be J, anyway! Your wager on the shirt of Nessus is perfectly safe. No one can decide for or against. I don't regard "cute" as a useful word. It only suits very few things and would soon grow threadbare. It is a bad habit to run a word to death, and shows lack of fine perception to apply it indiscriminately. There should be very few chances in correspondence for "cute." 2. Your writing shows energy, ambition, invention, original methods, some perseverance in action, but inconstancy in affection. You dearly like a change. You are a little impatient, a little careless of details, fond of social intercourse, a pleasant conversationalist and should be a successful person. Don't become too self-satisfied, that's all!

ALORNO.—The letter is my private property, though the response is public. Your confidence is therefore in no danger of being abused. Considering the circumstances, your study is very clear and perfect. You were wrong in your mode of address, but only in the form. Your idea was quite correct. 2. Your writing shows some vivacity, good constancy, energy and sympathy. You would not only feel for, but also help one in need. You love beauty, are sensitive to all refining influences; have a good sense of honor, and though not boastful, have much vitality. I think you are a little set in your opinions and prone to dislike changing your mind. For the rest, your writing shows discretion, force and quick perception, and you should be a successful man. Won't you write some time again?

#### Sam and Beckie.

They were New Englanders and were talking about their old friends and neighbors in New Hampshire, and particularly about "Sam."

"Sam," said the elder of the twain, "was in many respects different from the rest of the boys. You remember whom he married? When the old man, his father, found that he was shy-ling around with her, he called him one day into the barn and said:

"Sam, d'ye intend to marry Beckie? Sam never said a word, so the old man said: 'Me boy, ye know all about them. I can't tell ye nothing. Ye know how the sisters have turned

out, and not one of them is now living with her husband.' Sam was as mum as a pantomime, and just as soon as he was ready him and Beckie got tied.

"They lived on a farm, and everything went on smoothly for about a year, and it came to hog butchering time. Sam got ready to have the usual party for the occasion, and just as he was sharpening up the knives Beckie came out and said: 'Sam, I'm going home.' Sam protested in his quiet way, but it was no use, so he said he'd get a man to row her across the pond. It was about half a mile over. She said: 'No ye don't; ye'll row me yourself!' Sam told her he couldn't, and Beckie fired up and said: 'Then I'll drown myself.' Sam said he'd go with her if she wanted to do that, so the boat was got ready, she got in and they rowed out till the water was twenty feet deep. Then Sam stopped and said: 'Well, Beckie, this is a good place for you to drown yourself!' She didn't open her mouth. He waited a while and then said: 'Come, Beckie, I'm in a hurry to get back.' She never looked up. Sam put down the oars, caught hold of her and pitched her in. She grabbed for the boat, but he wouldn't let her get near it. When she was almost done out she said: 'Sam, let me in that boat and ye'll not hear anything from me out of the way.'

"So he pulled her in and they went back home. She changed her clothes and entertained the guests. They are now nearly eighty and you never saw a happier old couple. I don't think they ever spoke of that duckin' since the day she was goin' to drown herself."—*Texas Siftings.*

#### A Double Life.

A humble, poverty-stricken devil died the other day and went, let us trust, to a land where he got what this world denied him—peace and rest. His most intimate friend said after the funeral:

"He led a double life."

"You shock me, I thought he was upright."



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"Upright! He was so upright that he bent over back. Why, man, he had a fool of a wife who didn't know enough to live within his income, and he was fool enough not to call her down. For years he has worked for two employers—ending one day's work at four and putting in the rest of the afternoon and evening at keeping books for a certain skinflint. Wasn't that leading a double life? He did two men's work, and now he has won an extra early admission to the land where, I hope, he'll be out of a job—till his wife follows him—and I hope she's booked for a long life here."—*Buffalo Express.*

#### A Cooler.

Elderly Damsel—Last night I dreamt you gave me a kiss and asked me to be your wife. Did you dream anything of that sort?  
Young Gent—No, madam, I never suffer from nightmare, I am happy to say.—*El Globo.*

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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## The Drama.

**H**GRATTAN Donnelly who, we are told, is so prolific and able a playwright that he rivals Shakespeare, might (with all George Keenan's Russian experiences to draw upon, and the stout framework of Michael Strogoff and Siberia to stretch his canvas upon) have given us something better than *Darkest Russia*. Not that it is a poor melodrama by any means, for it will probably run well for a couple of years making money and pleasing the multitude. It has stirring episodes enough, and each act ends with a decided climax. People should and will see it. Either a play or a book about Russia is sure to catch on. We know so little about that empire that "everything goes" whether staged or written. The mines of Siberia, the wolves, the plotting nihilists, the spies, all these go to make Russia the Eldorado of imaginative producers of books and plays. Neither novelist nor dramatist has so far sounded the full possibilities of the theme, or rather they have not made full use of the materials.

Septimus Cobb, an American from Kentucky, bobs up all through *Darkest Russia*, doing the most heroic things, we are told, during the periods that elapse between acts, but making an idiotic ass of himself whenever seen on the stage. To the spectators his deeds of heroism are but hearsay, whereas they are witness to his unruffled impudence and buffoonery. Such a little smart Aleck as he would have some trouble getting into Russia and a great deal more in getting safely out again. It is hard to say why the people of the United States are flattered by such portrayals as General Cobb presents. If some Russian clown were to begin chivvying around any state in the liberty-loving Union as General Cobb is represented as doing in the land of the Czar, his hide would be hanging on a fence to dry ere sundown of the first day. Why cannot the American abroad be a gentleman as he not infrequently is at home? Why cannot he be, at least, a man with some knowledge of the proprieties and some self-respect? No, he must always be represented as the personification of effrontery, too thick-skinned to notice an insult, always pushing into places where he has been forbidden access. For instance, Cobb enters the home of the Russian Minister of Police and in a low-comedian style, quite out of harmony with the tragic nature of the moment, objects to the sentence of exile being passed upon Iida Barosky. He uses no argument, no persuasiveness, no tact, but merely stands at the girl's elbow, vows himself her friend and refuses to leave the premises when ordered to do so. Karsicheff would be justified in throwing the little clown out of the window or in sentencing him also to Siberia, but of course had he pronounced such a sentence Cobb would have pulled himself together, raised his hand on high, and exclaimed: "I am a citizen of the United States of America—molest me at your peril," whereupon the gallery would go frantic with applause, and no doubt the Russian Minister of Police would fall to the floor paralyzed with fear at those "terrible" words.

One thing that struck most people as peculiar, I think, was the length of time during which Iida Barosky, when in disguise, was left at the mercy of the wolves, before being gallantly rescued by Alexis Nazimoff. First the Imperial Courier came in and demanded assistance for his party, who were beset by wolves a short distance from the station. Quite a wrangle ensued, the villain Karsicheff refusing to allow his men to give a helping hand. No motive is alleged for this atrocious obtuseness; it is merely to remind onlookers that Karsicheff is the villain. But the courier throws back his coat, exposing his medal, which shows him to be a superior in command, and the soldiers, at his bidding, rush to the rescue. There is a sharp rattle of musketry, and soon the soldiers return with Cobb and Baroness von Rhineberg. Then the courier announces that there is still a young lady at the mercy of the wolves, and a volunteer is called for. Will no one go? Must she die? Nazimoff, in iron on the floor, jumps to his feet and volunteers. The villain orders him to lie down, but the courier bids him be released. This being done, he seizes a burning brand from the fire, stops in the doorway to apostrophize heaven and the gallery with the declaration that he will rescue the girl or perish in the attempt. He goes. He dashes in among the fierce brutes. They scatter—no, they attack him. He has reached her, hurrah, hurrah! And back he comes carrying Iida, in a dead faint, with a wolf bite in her shoulder. It is something new to learn about wolves that they will wait such a tedious time for so tardy a rescuer, while a young and tasty girl is in their midst ready for devouring. It shows a courtesy almost human in its intelligence. I was informed once by an old trapper that a pack of wolves could down a man, pick his bones clean and be in pursuit of more meat inside sixty seconds by a stop watch. But the trapper referred to vulgar American wolves, who must lack the delicacy and forbearance of the Russian breed.

Corinne, the queen of dancers, is the star at

Jacobs & Sparrow's this week, and, as usual, has drawn to the full capacity of the house. She has with her a company of pretty girls, mostly in tights, whose object is to illustrate how the human form can be cultivated, and, incidentally, the voice as well. What can be said of Corinne that has not been said a dozen times? It is all summed up in a sentence: She is bright and taking, has the most skilful of managers, and everyone goes to see her.

On Tuesday evening at Association Hall, Miss Marguerite Dunn afforded the ever-increasing number of admirers of her art an opportunity of enjoying it for an exclusive performance, save for the complementary effect of a pretty array of the seasonable chrysanthemum and the strains of Signor D'Alessandra's orchestra. After the impression of the individual performances had been effaced, the grand result of the evening might be summed up in that Miss Dunn's art and charming personality have become sensibly matured since her last annual recital, and she now stands securely in the front rank of Toronto's elocutionary artists. Her programme contained eight numbers, exhibiting an agreeable diversity. In *Beruria* there was the deep and reverent affection of motherhood charmingly portrayed. In the arena, masculine and thoroughly human sensibilities are contrasted with the cruelty which prompted gladiatorial displays. Then followed *Exquisite Cheek*, which might be said to be an exquisite bit of acting, with an irretrievable bore in the capacity of a diner out as the subject. In *Leah the Forsaken*, Miss Dunn touched her mark—"nature." The forsaken lover Leah here curses the Christian who deserts her, and the pitiless and scornful Jewess was so veritably and thrillingly represented as to secure a hearty encore, which like others was responded to by bits of humor. In *Song Without Music*, Miss Dunn proved her mastery of negro dialect and the German emigrant in another funny sketch. The well known *Damon and Pythias* was one of Miss Dunn's best pieces and should not be omitted from fear of repetition. It was rivaled, however, by a violin phantasy which was truly and artistically done. It relates how a despised beggar violinist plays the story of his life and wins recognition when all too late, the life strings of musician and instrument snapping together. Miss Dunn is to be congratulated on her sympathetic treatment of this tale. Her rendition of the violin's song and the musician's woe was as relative and full of delicate emotion as words could well convey, and its effect was akin somewhat to that of the highest musical art. Miss Dunn was the recipient of a handsome bouquet as well as other manifestations of the pleasure her evening's entertainment bestowed.



MR. W. H. MECK. ELOCUTIONISTS AND IMPERSONATORS.



MRS. RUE D. MECK.

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Next week promises to be a rare one at the Grand Opera House. Manager Sheppard has put on a week of grand opera in English, by what is reputed to be "the largest, strongest and most complete grand English opera company in America." Mme. Marie Tavy is the particular luminary of the organization, and, although unknown to most persons in this city, she is nevertheless an artist of rare distinction in the United States and in the old world, whence she came two years ago, brought over by an American manager, who was intensely interested in having grand opera in the English tongue kept up to the standard to which the lamented Emma Abbot had brought it, and, if possible, to advance it even beyond. Marie Tavy had occupied a first place for several seasons among the proudest *prime donne* of Europe. She was a *debutante* of La Scala, achieved a triumph there, then sang grand opera in Vienna, Berlin, and so on to St. Petersburg, and then was appointed by Ludwig, the unhappy King of Bavaria, to the Royal Opera, Munich, where she remained the reigning prima three seasons, and until the death of Ludwig. Then a season at Covent Garden, London, and to America. In all the cities enumerated, and others, she was a first favorite and proved herself possessed not only of a grand voice but a lyric actress of remarkable powers. In the United States she has won a supreme position within two years, and only last Saturday closed an astonishingly successful season at the Globe Theater, Boston. She is said to be a brilliant woman socially as well as artistically, and is a member of the highest circles in France, Germany and Russia. Her father was a Russian nobleman of ancient family. The Tavy company is reputed to include a number of artists of great note: Mlle. Irene Pevny, prima donna soprano, Royal Opera, Munich; the Baroness Helen von Doenhoff, a prima donna contralto, Imperial Opera, Berlin; Sofia Romani, soprano, Milan; Sara Carr, contralto, New York; Payne Clarke, Chas. Bassett, New York; and Wm. Stephens,

Boston, tenors; Emil Steger, Vienna; Arthur Seaton and S. Dudley, New York, baritones; Conrad Behrens, basso profundo, Imperial Opera, Stockholm; Thos. Guise and Sig. Mascotte, basses, New York; and M. Gelaug, Paris, buffo tenor. Herr Max Gabriel directs the large chorus and Grand Opera orchestra. The repertoire: *Il Trovatore*, Faust, *Bohemian Girl* (matinee), Lohengrin, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and act I. *La Traviata*, Carman, *I Pagliacci* and Faust.

Mr. Kleiser has this message from Mr. Field's agent at Chicago: "I have just received the following from Mr. Eugene Field: 'Cancel all my dates for November and December. I am sick with pneumonia and my doctor says I shall have to spend the winter in the South.'" In order to avoid disappointment to the subscribers and to the public, Mr. Kleiser has substituted for Mr. Field a grand concert to be given at the Pavilion on the same date, Thursday next, November 16, when almost every representative local artist will take part. Those already engaged are: Mrs. Caldwell, Madame d'Auria, the Toronto Ladies' Quartette, Miss Lauretta A. Bowes, Miss Marguerite Dunn, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Mr. H. Klengenfeld, Mr. Owen A. Smily, Mr. W. E. Ramsay, Bailey's orchestra, (twelve members) and Mrs. Blight. The plan opens at Nordheimer's next Monday at 10 a.m. The subscribers will retain their regular course tickets.

We are pleased to place this week portraits of Mr. W. H. Meek and Mrs. Meek in our gallery of leading elocutionists. This gentleman and wife possess talent in high degree and no one could ask a better evening's entertainment than they can jointly furnish. They have a reputation throughout Ontario, but their greatest fame as elocutionists is in Chicago and the Western States, where they had a series of triumphs covering several years. Being Canadians they have come back for a time to win honor in their own country. Mr. Meek, or Professor Meeko, as he is professionally known on the other side of the boundary, is a man of the most pleasing parts and gentle culture. In humorous pieces, with certain small accessories, he acts the different personages in a dialogue or dispute with an effectiveness very seldom surpassed. His facial command is phenomenal, and he possesses the additional faculty of speaking a

historic songs. The leading parts were all well taken, especially that of Sam Derrick by Mr. Gus Weinburg, Pete the Possum by Frank Gillespie, and Mattie Meggs by Miss Carrie Keier, whose acting, dancing and singing in a decidedly novel kind of character left nothing to be desired. During the play there were some very good specialties introduced, which brought out the talents of the various artists very well. At the same time the play is far from being a species of towel horse upon which are hung a series of specialties designed to carry the affair through.

The attractions at Moore's Musee this week are of the usual entertaining character. Holium is the central figure, and naturally so, being called the Jannon ball king. His act consists in juggling with cannon balls and catching one fired from a real cannon. Unzie, which is the native for uncle, is the name of a venerable-looking gent from Australia, with a voluminous thatch of white hair which is the admiration of the people. Katrina, the Japanese lady magician, is also on hand. In the theater there is a good variety performance containing some amusing features, the chief of which is Prof. Hampton's dog and monkey circus.

## Music.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne's first concert for this season, which was held in the Bond street Congregational church on Tuesday evening last, attracted a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Browne, who acted in the double capacity of solo organist and pianist respectively during the evening, was assisted by Mme. d'Auria, soprano; Mr. John Bayley, violin; and Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli, cellist. An attractive programme was presented and admirably carried out. Mr. Browne's organ solos were played with much taste and expression, and with considerable snap and abandon. The Gullmant arrangement of Godard's *Solitude* was particularly well rendered and received a well merited encore. The Van Eyken Sonata was also skilfully interpreted. Madame d'Auria's selections were admirably sung, and in each instance encoored. Arditi's effective concert polka, *The Daisy*, afforded Mme. d'Auria an opportunity of displaying to excellent advantage the flexibility of her voice. Equally successful was her rendition of two clever songs, *Love's Magic* and *Land of the Lullaby*, compositions by Mr. Browne. The ensemble numbers included portions of a Beethoven trio and Jadasohn's *Andante* and *Finale* from Op. 16, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin and cello. In these numbers Mr. Browne's playing was characterized, as in his organ work, by good technical ability and musicianly appreciation of the beauties of the compositions presented. The Duo for cello and organ by Rheinberger, Op. 150, No. 4, was one of the most enjoyable numbers on the programme, in which Sig. Dinelli's thoroughly artistic performance on the cello served to display the rich tone he invariably produces and the rare and admirable balance he maintains in ensemble work. Mr. Bayley also rendered valuable assistance in the trios and contributed in no small degree to the success of the evening's programme. Mr. Browne is entitled to considerable credit for the excellent programme presented and the thoroughly artistic and satisfactory manner in which it was carried out by himself and the capable artists who assisted on this occasion. The organ was sadly out of tune during the evening, due to having been tuned when the church was cold and used when the warm temperature affected the metal pipes.

The immediate effect of M. Gullmant's recent American tour has been to influence the character of the programmes being presented by our representative American organists in their recitals. As is well known, M. Gullmant is not a believer in arrangements of orchestral compositions as adapted to the organ. His American programmes included nothing but original organ music, a practice which he has consistently followed for many years. While some orchestral compositions can be effectively reproduced on the organ, and can be recommended for performance, most of such arrangements are entirely unsuited to the character of the instrument, oftentimes resembling in effect a hurdy-gurdy rather than an orchestra. The failure of some of these attempts to reproduce the effects of the Emperor of Instruments, as the orchestra is sometimes designated, upon the King of Instruments has suggested to an eminent critic the vision of a peacock strutting about with one feather in his tail. Best's organ arrangement of Chopin's polonaise in A major was recently mentioned to M. Gullmant as perhaps the most extreme limit yet reached in this sort of thing. His reply that nothing would induce him to adapt music originally written for other instruments to performance on the organ indicates that the wide difference of opinion existing between these two representative organists is another case of "where doctors disagree," etc. How to strike the happy medium will doubtless be a live problem with organists for a time.

Mrs. Juliette d'Erveux Smith, the well known and popular soprano, whose card appears in our advertising columns, announces her intention of engaging in concert work during the present season. Mrs. Smith has appeared in amateur opera here on several occasions with uniform success, taking among others the role of Josephine in *Pinafore*, and that of Erminie in the opera of that name. Concert managers should keep Mrs. Smith's name in view in making their arrangements for the season.

Mr. Cyril E. Ridge, A.T.C.M., has been appointed choir-master of Grace Episcopal church, Elm street.

## Apprehensive—and for Reasons.

Doctor (meeting a former patient who has come out for a walk)—Well, Frau Schulze, how do you feel now?

Frau Schulze (timorously)—You are not going to charge anything, are you, doctor?—*Unterhaltungsbelt.*

## Indirect.

"I thought you were a vegetarian, and still you are eating roast mutton!"

"Yes, but I am only an indirect vegetarian; that is to say, I only eat the flesh of such animals as live on vegetable diet."—*Relief Journal.*

## The Lady of My Love.

For Saturday Night.

She bath not raven locks, her hair is brown,  
Not clustering round her neck in sunny curls,  
Neatly arranged and tied, not hanging down  
In the loose fashion of our modern girls.

Her eyes do not resemble the gazelle's,  
She hath no regal step, no queenly airs,  
Here is a charm unspeakable which tells  
That modesty, and worth, and truth are here.

And the domestic virtues all are here  
And in her looks the gentle graces meet,  
Her silvery laugh the mirth of others stirs,  
Her voice low, soothing, musical and sweet.

And with sweet, happy and a gladness air  
She breathes contentment round her all the while,  
And sorrow, discontent and dark despair  
Yield to the influence of her sunny smile.

And though not here the queenly grace which makes  
The poet sing in praises loud and long,  
She can make bread and most delicious cakes,  
Each one of which is worthy of a song.

And though not haughty, it must be allowed  
That she hath pride and will not stoop to flout,  
Too proud by far for that, but not too proud  
To mend, or sew a button on a shirt.

Keep all in order, work with brain and hands  
And with sweet temper and unfurled brow,  
Thine won my love at first and this commands  
Respect, esteem, and love and honor now.

## Heart-ache.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, lonely heart, be still  
Nor strive to share  
With those who love,  
Thou hast no portion there.

Oh, longing heart, be still,  
'Tis not thy fate,  
The earthly bliss  
That finds its perfect mate.

Oh, weary heart, be still,  
Soon strife shall cease,  
The day will come  
That bringeth perfect peace.

Till then, oh heart, be still;  
Beyond the night  
Of death itself  
There shines the perfect light.

## Evening Prayer.

For Saturday Night.

The gentle evening shades descend with noiseless tread  
And hide the darkening landscape from our view.  
Incline Thine ear, O Lord, my heavenly King,  
And guard Thy little lamb the dark night through.

Let not a fear molest my weary soul—nor harm,  
As I in sleep my aching eyelids close;  
Protect me with Thy strong Almight arm  
While wrapt in quiet slumber and repose.

Be Thou my only friend when other friends depart,  
And I am left alone within the wild;  
Then keep me, Lord, Thou searcher of my heart,  
And bless Thy weak and weary wandering child.

Remember not that I have sinned, and grieved Thine ear,  
Let Thy atoning blood remove each stain,  
And give me strength that I may sin no more,  
But ever near Thy bleeding side remain.

This world is but a dark and shadowy vale of sin,  
Where tolls and trials daily on us wait;  
Had we no helping friend to take us in  
Destruction soon must be our lasting fate.

O Gentle Shepherd hear my earnest pleading prayer,  
Forsake me not the gloomy be the night;  
Let us, O Lord, Thy sure protection share,  
And in the dark be Thou my shining light.

Piercer, Mass. Jos. Robinson.

## Autumn in Manitoba.

For Saturday Night.

The darkling gloom at eventide,  
Deep night descending speedily,  
The sunsets hid in folds of mist  
And early morning dews from bright  
Tell us of Summer's end and  
Autumn's soft approach.

The whispere of the yellow leaves  
From lofty poplar's slender spires,  
In bluffs thick fringed with hawthorn red,  
Descending willows and naked twigs;  
The dusky willow's pale hue  
Foretell the Winter's sleep.

The scarlet hips and stony haws,  
And crimson clustered cranberries bright,  
The purple flush of cherry sprays  
And festooned hops and bloom of plums,  
An ample Summer's legacy  
To Autumn's fruitless suns.

The intermittent fire-fly's light  
Gleams seldom o'er the dusky slough;  
The timid deer bound through the scrub,  
And prairie hares increase their frolic,  
While high in air the noisy geese  
With clam'rous farewell fly.

In thirly ways, slow rippling creeks  
Their winding courses with verdure hide,  
And tempt the willow fringes to lap  
Their grateful waters as they glide;  
Exhausted by hot Summer's suns  
They wait the Winter rest.

Austin, Manitoba.

## The Pale Vision.

For Saturday Night.

She often comes as I lethargic sink;  
And I walk with her in a starlit land  
Where the gleam of love in her eyes is seen,  
Like the gleam on her small white hand.

And I seem again in that dreamer's land  
To live in the past, with the whirl of years;  
With a mind that dwells on her face alone,  
And a heart too light for tears.

For her breath falls warm on my sleeping face,  
Like the early sun in the young springtime;  
And her tender mouth is rosy red,  
Like the grape on the sun-kissed vine.

And I see her there at the midnight hour,  
In her ghostly robe, in the dim-lit room,  
With a tender smile on her sad, sweet face,  
Like a spirit just freed from the tomb.

But the stars fade out of the midnight sky,  
And I cease to float on the Lethian stream;  
For man is mortal, and all things die,  
And love is not true in a dream.

And I miss the touch of her small white hand,  
And the soft pressed kiss that was kept for me;  
For the past and I are divided far,  
Like the sky and the great lone sea.

B. KELLY.

## She Knew 'Em.

Mrs. Treetop—Did you think to ask what time the train goes to Jonesville?

Uncle Treetop—Yes, yes; I asked the ticket agent, intelligent fellow, the gateman, a conductor and two trainmen.

Mrs. Treetop—Go back and ask the superintendent; these undertrappers is paid for lyn'.

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Between You and Me.

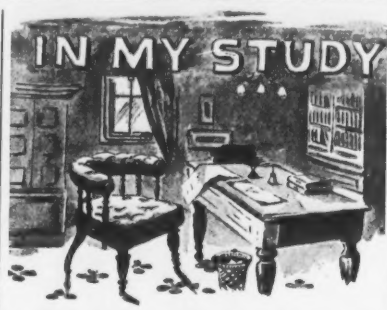
"It may not be justice, but it's law," said a young advocate at the close of an interview last week. We had been talking over a peculiarly aggravating case, of maid versus mistress, and he had been telling me of the procedure at the Police Court in such matters, from which I gather that a maid may engage with a mistress, prove not only incapable but positively destructive, wasteful, lazy and impatient, and yet demand a fortnight's notice or a fortnight's wages before she can be gotten rid of, and, should the mistress object, she can summon her to the court, and in nine cases out of ten secure her verdict without paying out one cent for expenses. "But you'll charge her something?" I asked the polite man of law. "Oh, she's one of the poor," he said easily; "I should not charge her," which I took *cum grano salis*. "I should advise the mistress to pay the fortnight's wages," he continued. "My own sister had a similar case, and she paid it sooner than appear in the Police Court." He added suddenly—"Won't you write it up, some time? I can give you some pointers that would surprise you." Now considering that the polite lawyer more than suspected the statement of the maid to be false, and nevertheless had written a pretty stiff letter to the mistress, whose name is a guarantee of probity and had also advised the lady to encourage the system of blackmail by paying the maid's demand, as he had already encouraged the maid by writing a gratuitous letter in her interest, I think his request that the matter should be written up was a rather peculiar one. However, I have mentioned it in order that some one may readjust the scales of justice, and give, not the maid, but the mistress a chance. I might add that I am aware of more than one maid who has boasted of her success in like blackmail.

We have very few foreign servants in Toronto, and we lose by the fact. No house-servant equals the sturdy German *fräulein* for honest work and discreet taciturnity, and no matter how big a scamp she may be she never gives herself away. Her solid, grave, phlegmatic manner exerts an all-potent influence and familiarity with *die dame* whom she serves. She conducts her extraordinary flirtations with a nonchalance calculated to deceive even the elect, and her temper rarely gets beyond a stamp, a slam and a growl. She is a comfortable sort of creature to have about. Swedes are a trifle more animated, but somehow I don't feel confidence in them. I have been waited on by several Swedes, and things used to disappear somehow in the busy big hotel, and the yellow-headed, chatty, Swedish maids knew where they went. But not for me is to say all Swedes are light-fingered, only one must tell what one has observed. We had a comical young Swede on our elevator whose morning smile was like June sunshine, and who always repeated his greeting to us in a most hearty and delightful tone. "Good morning, Good morning!" he would exclaim, and we always grinned, until he noticed it, and now, once in all he will call his cheery "Good morning," and we are sorry we laughed at his pretty encore.

By the way, on Monday we saw Nana, Nana the beautiful, the bewitching, the bad. She is only a painting, is Nana, but she is worth the whole Art Gallery combined. She is on exhibition on State street, in a darkened room with artificial light on her, and she is such a beauty! Suchorowsky, the Russian Court painter, copied his niece's face, put to it the round exquisite limbs and body of a Venus, stretched it nude upon a pink satin quilt and a tiger skin, and called it Nana. They will give him eighty-five thousand dollars for her, but he will not sell her. Nana's eyes sparkle, and one sees them dance, her bosom heaves and sinks as one watches, her fair form glows with health as she looks up from her sleep and laughs. After the first look one begins to fear her, one sees that she would still laugh, though the author of all evil stood where we stand, though a man were dying of love for her, though a world full of women cursed her. The laugh and the glance of her eyes grow repellent, one turns from it and yet one must forgive her and look again. She is brightly blonde, her hair sweeps the rug, her pink foot is a marvel, her whole plenteous beauty of flesh is the triumph of painting, her little teeth gleam moist from her lovely lips, her clothing consists of one loose slipping sleeve of a flowing cambric and lace wrap on which she softly lies. The satin shines through the lace, making a pink that shows off the pure flesh tints. Suchorowsky has made a picture that will set the pulses of men a-trembling, but his niece would have a good excuse for cutting it from its frame and for never forgiving him!

When we were in Chicago last week we were in an utterly indefensible spirit of curiosity, of which I am quite ashamed, to gaze upon Chicago's mayor as he lay cold and pale in his narrow black coffin. Next Thursday was to have been his wedding day, and somehow he did not seem to us at all like an old man, that day he was assassinated, so brisk, so strong, so self-reliant, observant, hospitable and busy he was. We did not catch sight of him in the stillness of death, after all, but we saw the crowd who did; that was enough of horror for one morning. Up the steps of the City Hall they fought and tore, down in the street they pushed, and swore, and struggled, and gazed, and the white-gloved police who guarded the rush at the entrance doors. And back from the long ago there came to my mind a far-away memory of that other lying in state, in the City Hall at New York, which was a very small girl I was allowed to see, when a young public man was suddenly called away by an assassin's bullet. And I recalled the throng, like bees, that clustered round the portals with only a low humming and bowed heads and hats in hand, and women with veiled eyes and wet cheeks, and awe-struck, excited girls and boys. And never did the spring sun shine on truer grief and deeper sympathy than lushed into silence the vast crowd who pressed decorously up in turn to look upon the calm, kind, worn features of the martyred President—Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps the times have changed since then, perhaps New York is not Chicago, perhaps each man now what he deserved, but there was a awful difference.

LADY GAY.



IN MY STUDY

A SERIOUS question has lately been discussed in the press, viz., Is Teaching a Learned Profession? It arose from some remarks offered to the members of the Ontario School of Pedagogy by Hon. G. W. Ross, in which he said that, though the teaching profession had not attained to the pre-eminence in rank of law, physic and divinity, still, if the teachers did their duty, etc., they might some day "rank with the other learned professions."

Well now—"come to think of it"—a "professor" of any art or science is generally conceived of as one who is not only an adept at his own art or science but also able to impart his skill or knowledge to others. It is so, at all events, with the professors in our colleges and universities.

I am afraid, however, that the word "professor" has outlived its usefulness. We have some professors of religion who, alas! cannot impart their efficiency to others, and what is worse, cannot practice it themselves. From the day when our Lord said, "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them," until the present *fin de siècle*, the world has learnt by ample experience that profession and practice are by no means convertible terms.

But there are professors and professors. We have professors of dancing, of calisthenics, of the many art of self-defence. We even hear of professors of the tonorial art. And why not? Certainly, unlike some professors, they are not only experts in their business but also able to impart their knowledge to their pupils. I have sat in a tonorial chair, perfectly contented so long as the "prentice" only lathered my face or fixed me up after the "professor" had done the actual shaving. But by and by, after the novice was promoted, it required all my nerve to stay perfectly still while he, with trembling hand, made his first essay on my cheek. That "clinical" practice was a sore test; I felt as if I were undergoing vivisection. But after the operation was over successfully and I arose from the chair with a whole skin, my respect for the "boss" was unbounded; I was convinced he was a "Professor" indeed.

But, is teaching a learned profession? That is the grave question. Now, since a teacher, whether of the common or high school, "professes" to impart "learning" to his or her scholars, and, what is more, succeeds more or less effectually, I must come to the conclusion that of all the learned professions the pedagogue's is the learnedest.

The fact is, in this as in many other things, we are tied down by old social precedents and, as Mr. Ross says, "long tradition." We are still hampered by the phraseology of the middle ages. Amid all the intricacies and complexities of modern society, we yet cling to terms which suited our forefathers well enough but are out of date now.

In the primitive state of society, when every man had to till the ground or hunt the wild beast for his own food, or to prey on his brother man in the struggle for existence, all professional learning devolved on the priest or the medicine-man of the tribe. During the middle ages, the monastery or the presbytery was the home of all learning, the only refining influence among the freebooters and wild barons and degraded serfs; the priest or the monk was the spiritual, medical, legal adviser, as well as a dominion, for the whole district, and right well he fulfilled his task, considering the prevailing rudeness of those times.

But, as time went on and "knowledge grew from more to more," it was impossible that one small head could carry all the learning of the day; and there came a division of intellectual labor. The affairs of mankind were divided into three allotments—the "mind, body and estate," as our Prayer Book still reminds us. In those days the "mind" and the "body" were entirely quite distinct from one another in the opinions of even the learned—as distinct as a house and its tenant. So if there was any trouble in the mind the subject consulted his spiritual adviser; if the trouble were with his body, he consulted his medical adviser, and if he were troubled about his estate he consulted his legal adviser. And so the body social became articulated into three "learned professions" of Law, Physic and Divinity.

But in these modern days such articulation is wholly insufficient. Each of these learned professions has more on hand than any one man can master. So "Law" is differentiated into barristers, solicitors, attorneys, judges, chancery courts, county courts, high courts and petty courts, and all that. "Physic" differentiates into specialists of all sorts; there is scarcely an organ or joint in our bodies, from our brains to our toes, but has its own specialist to attend to it. And as to "Divinity"—oh, dear! its differentiations have become a perfect tangle.

The teaching profession has also its differentiations, from the instructress of the A B C to the professor of, let us say, psychology. But the specialist in pedagogy deserves, surely, to rank as a "professor" just as much as the specialist in any other line. I think the orthopedist has just as good a right to this "pre-eminence" as the chiropodist.

In fact, all this battle about titles is funny, especially in such a professedly democratic age and country. Max O'Rell tells us that the male inhabitants of the United States are

ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



XVI.--H. M. The Queen of Greece.

"mostly Colonels." Those who are not colonels may always with safety be addressed as "Professor."

Even the staid conservative Church of England in Canada is bitten with this Republican craze for titles. The percentage of titled clerics among us is enough to make the ordinary clergy of the mother church green with envy—most reverend, right reverend, very reverend, venerable, canon, rural dean—and yet the number of clergy in the whole Dominion scarcely equals that of one English county or diocese. And the way we emphasize these Canadian titles! I was amused a short time ago in reading the religious intelligence in one of our great dailies, to see an account of some meeting in England at which the Archbishop of Canterbury said so and so, and the Bishop of London made certain remarks. And immediately under this item was another to the following effect (I quote from memory, so I may possibly exaggerate), "His Lordship the Bishop of Way-Back-North has spent a week in the city collecting money for the Indians in his lordship's extensive diocese. He will start on his return to his episcopal see of Beaver-tail as soon as his lordship,"—and so on.

My advice to the pedagogues of Ontario is this:

"Fag away at your delightful task,  
To teach the young ideas how to shoot."

And you will hold a pre-eminent and perennial rank in the affections and memories of your ex-pupils, no matter what titles or names they give you now.

PARSON.



No. II.—Cracker Box Johnson.

Just about the time that the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed through as far as Revelstoke on the Columbia river, there came to that town a noted gambler named Cracker Box Johnson, who made his rendezvous, or place of business, at the Grip saloon. This Johnson was a devil of a fellow, a man of most remarkable prepossessing appearance, yet withal a notoriously unscrupulous sharper with no more heart or conscience than a flat iron. To his innocent and gentlemanly manners more than anything else, was due the success he met with. To look at him you would never imagine what his calling was; he was a perfect master of the art of bluff and made a specialty of laying low for new comers. Let him once make the acquaintance of a stranger and he never failed to strip him of every cent before he let him go again. He was given the name of Cracker Box Johnson because more than once he had successfully smuggled whisky into the territory concealed among a consignment of hardware.

One day when trade was unusually dull and Johnson sat at his table idly playing dominoes with a pack of cards and wondering where the next greeny would come from, the door of the saloon opened and admitted a most respectable old gentleman, dressed in dark broadcloth, patent leather shoes, a plug hat, gold spectacles and a gold-headed cane. With a sort of uneasy glance around him, as though he had not been used to such places, the new arrival, who had in fact just come off the train and bore the stamp of a country parson, advanced to the counter and called for a biscuit and some lemonade. This was given him and he was soon chatting affably with the bartender, to whom he confided the fact that he was at Revelstoke for the purpose of starting a new school. Scarcely had he made his entrance when Johnson, from his seat in the corner, spotted him as a gudgeon whom it would be both easy and profitable to catch. A minute or so later he had engaged the old gentleman in conversation.

No! Cracker Box Johnson was nothing if he was not an actor; the new comer must let him show him around, nay, he insisted. He had been a schoolmaster once himself, and professional etiquette would not let him do less. The gentleman must take a seat while he

wrote a note to a friend whom he wished to introduce him to. In an incredibly short time he appeared to have won the stranger's entire confidence. The rest Johnson considered easy. But while they were waiting for his friend to come, what was to prevent them from having a game of cards? Suppose they play a hand of euchre? But when Johnson suggested it the old gentleman declared he had not played since he was a little boy, and in fact didn't think he could remember one card from another. That didn't matter, said Johnson, he would soon pick it up again. Finally, though acting as if he would very much rather not, the old gentleman yielded to Johnson's persuasions, and with an inward chuckle at the rawness of the sucker the gambler led his victim to a secluded box, where many a time before he had taken similar game.

They started in for small stakes and played with varying results; first the old gentleman would win, then the gambler. This went on for quite a little while, not without Johnson getting a peep at his opponent's pile though, when he pulled his pocketbook out, the amount of which staggered him.

It was the old gentleman's deal, and Johnson looked at his cards and smiled, for the opportunity he was waiting for had arrived.

"Say, my friend," he said, "have you got any poker in your hand?"

"Poker," said the old gentleman, "what's that?"

"Why, don't you know? A game in which you pair off your cards, three of a kind beats two of a kind, and so on."

"Oh," said the old fellow, "yes, I have heard of it. They used to play it down at the corner grocery store where I lived when I was a boy, but it's so long ago I can't remember much about it. How do you say you do?"

Johnson explained how the cards were dealt and counted, then he said, "Look here, just to make the game a sort of interesting I'll bet you \$10 I've a better poker hand than you have."

But the old gentleman said he had never bet in all his life, and was too old to begin.

"Nonsense," said Johnson, "I'll allow it isn't perhaps a good habit to get into, but between two friends it's all right. Now come, you know what cards you have, I'll go you a tennor mine are better than yours."

"But," said the old gent as he thought a minute, and went over his cards, "I haven't anything very grand to bet on. Now, if you'll let me pick up that nine spot there, and discard one of my other ones, I don't mind doing it."

"Done," said Johnson, agreeably surprised, "and I'll make that ten, fifty."

"All right," was the rejoinder of the gentleman in black, though as before he appeared to hesitate. "I don't know what has come over me, you are getting me into bad habits, but I'll have to raise you a hundred." And thus it went

on, the old gentleman getting more and more excited as the amount of money on the table increased. Calm and cool, but watching his opponent as a hawk does a chicken, Johnson always went him one better; from a hundred he raised him to a thousand, till finally every dollar he had laid staked upon the cards he held in his hand, while the old gentleman's stock of bills was yet a large one.

"Guess this'll have to do," he said triumphantly. "I'll call you," and throwing down the four kings he had been betting on, he put out his hand to take in the pile.

"But hold, hold a minute," said the old gentleman as he allowed the glasses to fall from his nose. "I've four one spots. It's never a good thing to be in a hurry."

"You sanctimonious old son of a hen," shouted Johnson, as he saw he had been sold. "What in the dickens do you want with that nine spot?"

HARRY DIX.

The Town is Too Slow for Bill.

BILL Crozier has just returned from his summer's vacation at Parry Sound, assisting to put down ties for the railway company, who are pushing a line through that district, and he feels pretty gloomy at the prospect of hanging around the old homestead in one of the suburbs of Toronto. I met him at the station.

"Things are pretty dull around here. There ain't no fun here like up Parry Sound way. Why, this place is dead and only waiting for the resurrection day. Up in Spruceville when I was working on the railroad, there was lots of fun goin' on. Us boys, and about nine of the village boys, used to have a whirl every night that made it seem like life. One night at the Spruceville hotel our boys and the village sports met to have some fun, and you bet we didn't get disappointed. There was Mick Clark, Shorty Halloran, Frenchy, myself and some more railroad boys, with the village boys, making the bartender hustle to step our thirst. Everyone treated but Mick Clark. One of the village boys says, 'Mick, it's your turn now,' but Mick wouldn't do it. However, he called the party who asked him to treat to come outside a minute, he wanted to speak to him. As soon as they got outside Mick says, 'I hear that you are talking around the village that you can lick me.' With that Mick let out and caught him on the jaw; then they clinched. Mick planted his feet against the veranda and jerked them both out in the middle of the road, Mick on top, chewing the other fellow's nose."

"As soon as we saw what was goin' on, of course we pulled off our coats and took sides and rushed out. One of the village boys kicked Mick on the face, and Mick let go and bit a piece out of the leg that kicked him. The other one got up and put the boot to Mick and nearly split his head open. I struck out and dropped him; then all hands joined in. Somebody hit me behind and down I went with three of them jumping on me. It didn't last long, and when we all got away Frenchy had a piece bitten out of his neck, Mick Clark couldn't see for three days, Halloran was kicked all over, and I could hardly walk for a week. But, say, you should 'a seen the village boys. They got it bad that night. One of them had his nose all chewed up, and his face was black and looked like a football. I tell you we used to have the times," sighed Bill sadly.

"One night I was alone at the hotel, with a crowd of village boys. They said the next time Mick Clark came around they were going to do him up, and I said any man that licked Mick had to lick me. 'I guess that's not hard to do,' says one of the boys, and squared up to me. I let out and he dropped ten feet away. When I run over to get my crosby work in on him, another hit me under the ear and I fell over a chair and before I got up I got the boot on the ribs. By this time the whole gang were pounding the life out of me, and if it hadn't been for Jim Irwin, our foreman, happening in just then, there wouldn't have been much left of me. Jim, who was as strong as a team of horses, yelled, 'Boys, this ain't on the square, all piling on to one man,' and he just grabbed them two at a time, knocked their heads together and chucked them out of the door like as if they were bricks, till he cleaned the bar right out. I was sore for months after."

"About a month ago we got paid off and took a run down to Allandale for a little fun. Jim Irwin and Mick Clark got along with a gang of strangers and were setting them up when a row started and the crowd made for them. They prospected around the stable and found two buggy neck yokes and wen tback and sailed into the crowd. Well, you just ought to have been there; why, the ceiling was spattered all over with hair and gore, and the floor was carpeted with it. It did not take long for Jim and Mick to clean the whole gang out."

"You can talk about your baseball, cricket, football and lacrosse, but they ain't in it," said Bill. "Give me railroad work in a new place; that's where a man can enjoy life. I guess I'll put in this winter up in the lumber woods, where people are civilized and have plenty of fun."

And Bill turned away with a sigh of deep melancholy at the graveyard stillness of the metropolis of Ontario.

KAY.

A Recipe.

Miss Helen Holcomb (to colored cook and preparing to write)—Now, auntie, about those beautiful waffles you make. How many eggs?

Aunt Hepsibah—Well, Miss Helen, dat 'pends 'pon wheddah de hens is layin' puhty well or not. Ef dey is I usally use free, an' ef dey isn't I uses two, or eben one.

Miss Helen—And how much milk?

Aunt Hepsibah—Well, I puts away de milk ober night in dat dar little pitchah fo' de waffles, an' ef de cat doan git at it an' drink as far down as she gits her hand inter de pitchah I uses it all; an' ef she do I uses a leetle wahm watah, 'cordin' t' whad she dun drunk.

Miss Helen—And butter?

Aunt Hepsibah—Oh, yes; yo' has t' hab but-tah fo' waffles. Po'k fat's pow'ful good fo' fryin' hominy an' greasin' griddles, an' it's good fo' a bahn an' fo' oillin' de ha'r; but yo' has t' hab but-tah fo' waffles.

Miss Helen—And salt?

Aunt Hepsibah—Oh, yes; yo' has t' hab salt. Cookin' 'd taste might funny 'bout salt.

Miss Helen—And how much baking-powder?

Aunt Hepsibah—Well, ef dar's bin a thundah-stohm in de night, er de weddah's bery wahm, er yo' b'n cookin' pickles roun' de kitchen so 's t' sowah de milk, yo' doan' use no bakin'-powdah t' all; jes' a leetle sal'tate—not too much so 's t' make de waffles taste ob brim-stone, like dey'd bin baked ober de 'tarnal fish, an' look de cullah ob yo'ah Uncle Ephrum when he done got de janders, but jes' a leetle bit. An' ef yo' does use bakin'-powdah it's jes' 'cordin' t' de 'mount ob flouah yo' uses.

Miss Helen—And how much flour do you use, auntie?

Aunt Hepsibah—Jes' enuff, honey; jes' enuff—Judge.

The Only Profundity.

Spats—There is something very profound about Codling.

Bloobumper—You allude to his ignorance, of course!



## Short Stories Retold.

There are two kinds of unhappy people in the world: Those who are sad because they are not known, and those who are miserable because they are known too well.—*Pick-me-up.*

Private Trothe (writing to his sweetheart from the camp during the manoeuvres)—Write to me again soon, my duck; if only a few lines on the outside of the parcel!—*Deutsche Wespen.*

Karlchen (in the garden)—Auntie, look out of the window a bit, will you?

Aunt—What is it you want?

Karlchen—Oh! Auntie, just put your head out; here's Heinrich won't believe that you squint with both eyes.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Professor Swing, of Chicago, recently attended a meeting of the Salvation Army, at which the leader went to a telephone back of the platform, rang the bell, and said: "Hello! Is God in? Yes! Well, tell him from us that there is one more soul saved!"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Husband (the father of six daughters)—Come, Rosa, there is a gentleman in the drawing-room who wants to marry one of our daughters. He is a wine merchant.

Wife—A wine merchant? Heaven be praised! Then he will be sure to select one of the older brands.—*Le Nain Jaune.*

"Papa, have I got any children?" asked a little seven-year-old Harlem girl of her father.

"What makes you ask such a foolish question, Fannie?"

"Because I want to know. I read in the Bible the other day about 'children's children.'—*Texas Siftings.*

Recent events in Serbia gave rise to the following dialogue on 'Chance' yesterday:

A.—Have you seen the latest despatch from Madrid?

B.—No; what is it?

A.—The King of Spain has placed his nurse under arrest and proclaimed himself to be weaned.—*Kleine Presse.*

"You play beautifully. There is one thing in particular that impresses me very much," said Gus de Smith to a young lady who banged the piano at a social gathering in Harlem.

"My touch, I suppose," she replied, very much flattered.

"Yes, it's wonderful how quick you turn over the leaf when you've got to the bottom of a page."—*Texas Siftings.*

A card displayed in a shop window was inscribed as follows:

"Exhibition of 1893.

LARGE GOLD MEDAL

and underneath, in very small characters:

"Refused by a pack of ignorant judges."

The medal alone arrested the attention of passers-by, whilst the "injustice" of the jury remained unnoticed.—*Echo de Paris.*

The following anecdote is reported from Durham. Some sheep belonging to a farmer named Reed having been stolen in the neighborhood of a colliery village, a local preacher, having a collection to make, thought he would turn the event to good account, so he said: "We have a collection to make this morning, and I hope whoever was so wicked as to steal Mr. Reed's sheep won't put anything on the plate! The collection was the largest ever taken in the place.—*Tit Bits.*

Fullacash (waking with a start *media nocte*, and hearing step-sounds in his bed-room)—Who's there? Speak! Who's there?

Hoarse whisper from the Darkness—For heaven's sake, hush! There's a burglar just gone downstairs. I'm a policeman, and if you'll keep quiet and not strike a light, I'll nab him in two twos.

(Fullacash obeys; and the whisperer, which his name is Sikes, ambles gently downstairs and out of back-door with his booty).—*Pick-me-Up.*

King Oscar of Sweden once passed through a little town, which was festively decorated for the occasion. Among the rest, a huge transparency, affixed to a gloomy-looking edifice, attracted his attention. It bore the inscription: "Welcome to Your Majesty!" in gigantic characters. "What building is that?" the King enquired. "That is the County Prison, your Majesty," replied one of the aldermen. The King laughed and was heard to observe: "That is carrying matters a little too far!"—*Chronik der Zeit.*

While an excursion train to Alabama was waiting at the depot, a negro appeared at the ticket window in the depot and purchased a ticket for himself. Then he said to the ticket agent: "Boss, I want 'nuder round-trip' excursion ticket for a corpse." The agent opened his eyes in astonishment. An excursion ticket for a corpse was something new to him. The negro explained: "You see, boss, my brudder died yesterday, and I want ter take de corpse down to Montgomery and let de family view the 'maine, and den bring 'em back to Birmingham and bury 'em. Dis will be a heap cheaper den fer de family to come up here."—*Marietta Journal.*

A preacher's righteous soul was sadly vexed by the talking and giggling of some of the junior members of his congregation. Breaking off in the middle of his discourse, he looked straight at his tormentors and said:

"Some years ago there happened to sit right in front of the pulpit a young man who was perpetually laughing and talking and making silly faces. I stopped short and took him severely to task. At the close of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said:

"Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man is an idiot."

"Since that time I have not ventured to reprimand any persons who behave themselves indecorously in church, lest I should repeat the same mistake and inflict censure upon an idiot."

There was exemplary silence during the rest of the service.—*Ueber Land und Meer.*

Once during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib

talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said:

"My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not the time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about the Sangamon river. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."—*Argonaut.*

## Fashion's Fancies.

"Will La Mode show us how to do our hair up in some not impossible style!" queries a lady. This week our artist has sketched three modish heads for the information of my lady readers, which may aid them to a fashionable coiffure. The first is a quiet little house arrangement, to be worn with the neat morning gown or the undress of afternoon-tea gown.



It takes but short practice to master this style of coiffure. The second is more elaborate and can be worn at dinners, receptions and state occasions of all sorts.

The third is a veritable coiffure de bal, as light and airy as the diaphanous gowns one sees nowadays—or rather now and then—and rather too elaborate for private effort. John on King street dressed the last two heads and favored the artist with a sight of them.

Talking of balls recalls to me some exquisite ball gowns which just arrived from Europe a few days ago. They came in gauzes, pale dainty blue, rose leaf pink, black and canary, black and lavender, and pure plain white. And there are also grenadines, in forty-six inch widths, with graduated satin stripes for finish. The white was very beautiful, and the black with lavender and heliotrope stripes was very elegant. These gowns are much to be recommended for the young lady who dances a good deal. They are necessarily without trains and made full over a plain satin slip. The bodice of satin has large puffed sleeves, shrouded in grenadine, through the coarse meshes of which the rich under-material gleams very effectively. These gowns are not remarkably expensive and are extremely new and distingue. I saw some beautiful lengths in the fabrics above described on the counters of John Catto's store one day lately.

A lovely fabric which is ordered by some smart people for heavier gowns is white moire. There are two kinds which equally divide the favors of fashion's followers, *moire antique* with a wide spreading water mark, and French *moire*, which is watered in rather narrow stripes. A gown of white moire, trimmed with black lace or chiffon, will be the height of chic and distinction in this winter's ball-rooms. Some dainty moires in delicate evening shades are strewn with tiny dots of black in satin or velvet, while others are striped perpendicularly or horizontally. Black is one of the fashionable rages this season, relieved with a touch of white or a dash of color to give brilliancy and effect. Black velvet will be worn ad nauseum.

Let me tell you of a lovely tea gown which may be made of inexpensive material, or of rich and costly silk and laces, with excellent effect. The gown is of pale blue, en *Princesse*, and has a straight loose front of cream laid in accordion pleats, wide, flowing blue sleeves, with full epaulettes of cream and tight



undersleeves of the latter shade. Cream or blue slippers with corresponding hosiery go with this fetching gown. The material may be rich satin, with front and undersleeves of silk mullin, and epaulettes of rare lace, or for the dame whose purse is limited, the many pretty

figured stuffs in pale blue may form a cheaper gown, with soft cream veiling or cashmere for front and sleeves, and wide cream embroidery or pretty lace of various patterns could serve for the voluminous epaulettes which are a feature of the gown by no means least important.

The new waist belts, which are already popular among fashionable young people, are not only highly effective but altogether unique. Among the daintiest is one made of white glove kid, upon which is applied a conventional design in golden tan suede, outlined with tiny beads of fine cut gold. The belt, which is very wide, is fastened in front with a long and narrow gold buckle, which is generally richly chased.

It is a question whether the accordion-plaited veil—which is the very latest eccentricity in feminine belongings—can conscientiously be regarded as an aid to loveliness. It is made of very fine black tulle, and is run through at the edge with two rows of black velvet *bebe* ribbon.

## In the Name of the Prophet.

"Which is the right way of spelling the name of the Prophet of Islam? Is it Mohammed! Mahomet! Muhammad? or Mahomed? Are his followers Mohammedans! Mahomedans! Matometans! Moslems! Mussulmans? or Muslims! Perhaps, to adapt Mr. Mantalini's famous summary and merely substituting 'all' for 'both,' and 'none of 'em' for 'neither,' we may say, 'So all are right and none of 'em wrong, upon our life and soul, O demmit!'—*Punch.*

## Quoth Dunraven, Nevermore!

There's many a slip 'twixt 'cup' and lip! Is there not, good Dunraven? You'll take your trans-Atlantic trip Like sportsman, not like craven. The "centerboard" against the keel Has won. On was we up, sir! As in old nursery rhyme we feel "The 'dish' ran away with the—cup," sir! The Valkyries, those valiant dames, Success might sure have wished us; But the Vigilant our yacht-builders shame. The "Yankee dish" has—dished us!—*Punch.*

## A Bad Bargain

A young merchant risked his own life to save a young woman from drowning. "Noble-minded youth," said the girl's father, "we owe you a debt of gratitude. A hundred thousand marks or the hand of my daughter. Choose!" Our hero thought that if he took the girl he would get the money into the bargain, and replied: "I choose your daughter."

"You have done well," said the father. "I could not have given you the hundred thousand marks, as I am only a poor cobbler; but you shall have my daughter. Join hands, my dear children."—*Saphire Witzblatt.*

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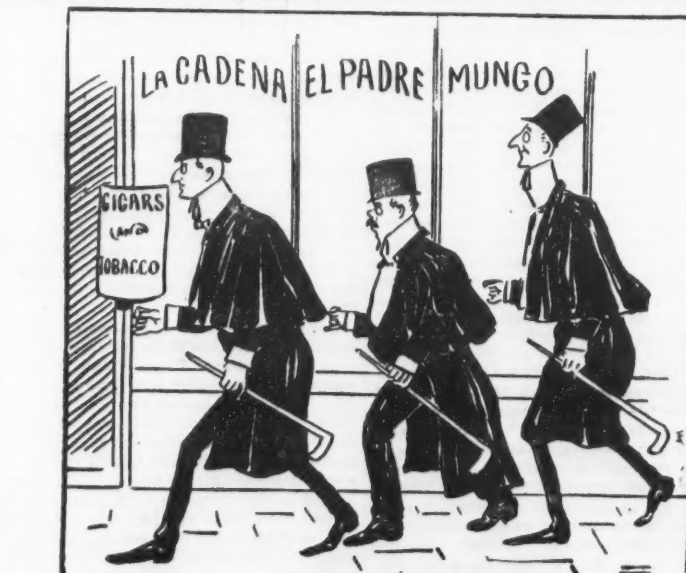
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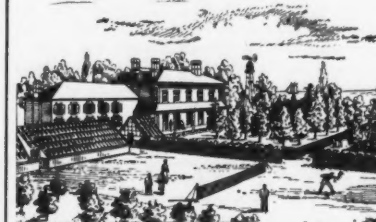
Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—*T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.*

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It was so that he of time. Had month before much; but had w and share least, very yond a doubt the result of ture blast. The ming and buried they waited not without they meet would assum task of infu They talked Pete Simps "Fac" is, autocrat of ople on the but it's got a lex. Low down as so deep feeling another round to Jerry. In due cou James Lowr postmarked in camp, and pointed exec and from it arrive for sev One day aft of this letter single so-call mining camp, the glimpse o excitement. "She's com Jerry! Jerry, who room, reluct and reached lady from the as he did so. "Mrs. Lowr alighted. The lady th smiled, and ar "Yes, Wh The crowd but respectfu founded; not man who aske if a day, at the dred out of e much about hi East fully ten ity with Jim's more homely impression the forty or forty unimpressive was before the plump and ab simply bewitch some, and ther and mouth the knew it. The smile di Jerry somewh Lowry here to There was a looked at Jerry "Fac" is, ma twirled his gre Jim's—a allin". you know, getti down with a fev but say, you m a room for you over to see Jim With appare the hotel had been fitee kept unoccupie with exclamatio pressed forward "Fellers," sai who has just di yellow metal; "An hour later to Jim's cabin, a broke to her the death. But in melancholy info could learn. "Fac" is feller questions, "it m if, she took on th easy as possible 'special' when I chuckled. Her c ain't tellin' yo The next morn arrival in a gow once took all th everyone by appri rior, a mournin sorrowful, and voice that excited her. All but one, gambler," whose mustache had da months before, w his late breakfa if indeed he had miners had break few business me at the table, and widowed and depart his way out he s pered, "Pool! whi dress on! Were you were a widow had, how do you dress. He betwe pressed. He betw Then, with a angrily out from th The widow look arose and went t out on the porch, dubiously shakin blixed did a gett manner that impro The latter slowl torating in gloomy he replied "these me an' you don't kn they do of turn's, that big trunk of the come provided course, she couldn' had flunked till I to amazin', I tell you." That mornin' of which sprang carol picon. Mrs. Low little cabin in whi and there she slept She seldom showe business in connect mine, a transaction anxiety to close. Gracious and pleas camp were madly in camp of the mine, w dred thousand, if a fortunately located married any one of off hand within tw she had been so disp Jerry, whom she had man, was alit pressed. He becom jumped down the d tain side if she ha was much of the tim Gradually he becam where or what he brain to remember, doing her bidding, fe the smiles she a light, jesting talk, of recipient, and her fri were kept for him al panions he had becom irritable. He drank



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### The Widow.

It was certainly very unfortunate for Lowry that he should have died at that particular time. Had the unfortunate event occurred a month before, it would not have mattered so much; but now, just as he had struck it rich and had written east for his wife to come on and share his good fortune, it was, to say the least, very exasperating. But he was dead beyond a doubt, and likewise variously scattered, the result of too close intimacy with a premature blast.

The miners gathered up his visible remains and buried them with due solemnity; then they waited for the advent of the widow. But not without much misgiving. How would they meet her? And who of their number would assume the delicate and embarrassing task of informing her that she was a widow? They talked it all over that night in front of Pete Simpson's bar.

"Fac' is, fellers," said One-eyed Jerry, the avuncular of the camp, as he turned his solitary optic on the crowd, "fac' is, it's a tough job, but it's got to be done, and I'll do it if it takes a leg. Leave it to me, fellers, an' I'll let her down as soothin' as possible." And with a deep feeling of relief, that found expression in another round of red liquor, the miners left it to Jerry.

In due course of time a letter addressed to James Lowry in a shaky, feminine hand, and postmarked Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, arrived in camp, and was opened by Lowry's self-appointed executors. It was from Mrs. Lowry, and from it they learned that she would not arrive for several weeks.

One day about six weeks after the reception of this letter, as the stage rattled up to the single so-called hotel of the little Tuolumne mining camp, the loungers at the porch caught the glimpse of a dress inside. At once all was excitement.

"She's come!" they exclaimed. "Where's Jerry?"

Jerry, who was seated at a table in the bar-room, reluctantly laid down a "pat hand" and reached the outside in time to assist the lady from the stage, awkwardly lifting his hat as he did so.

"Mrs. Lowry, I reckon!" said Jerry, as she alighted.

The lady threw back the veil from her face, smiled, and answered:

"Yes. What husband?"

The crowd that had gathered inquisitively, but respectfully, about the stage fell back astounded; not at the question, but at the woman who asked it. Lowry was fifty years old, if a day, at the time he was so unceremoniously fired out of existence. He had never spoken much about his wife, what he had said in the East fully ten years before, yet from familiarity with Jim's age, his homely face and still more homely ways, the miners had formed the impression that his wife must be a woman of forty or forty-five, and equally angular and unimpressive in appearance. But here she was before them, a woman of possibly thirty, plump and shapely, with a face that was simply bewitching. She was absolutely handsome, and there was an expression in her eye and mouth that seemed to indicate that she knew it.

The smile disappeared, and she looked at Jerry somewhat anxiously. "Why isn't Mr. Lowry here to meet me?" she asked.

There was a painful pause. The miners looked at Jerry and Jerry looked at his boots. "Fac' is, ma'am," he finally said, as he slowly tried his greasy hair with one hand, "fac' is, Jim's a-allin'. Bin workin' like-like blazes, you know, gettin' ready fer you, an'—an' sorter down with a fever or somethin'." Fac' is, he's— but say, you must be tired an' hungry; there's a room fer you in this hotel, an' I'll take you over to see Jim later."

With apparent reluctance Mrs. Lowry followed the hotel proprietor to the room that had been fitted up weeks before, and sacredly kept unoccupied ever since, while the crowd, with exclamations of astonishment and delight, pressed forward to the bar.

"Fellers," said Jerry, with the air of one who has just discovered a rich "pocket" of the yellow metal; "fellers, here's to the widder!"

An hour later Mrs. Lowry accompanied Jerry to Jim's cabin, and on the way up the trail he broke to her the sad news of her husband's death. But in a wistful way he imparted the melancholy information his companions never could learn.

"Fac' is, fellers," he had said in reply to their questions, "It makes me creepy to think about it, she took on that terrible; but I let'er down easy as possible. Thought she'd fall sure, 'specially when I showed her what Jim was chucked. Her carryin' on was mighty depressin', I'm tellin' you. Let's liquor."

The next morning the widow, who had sat down at the supper table the evening of her arrival in a gown of soft-toned gray and at once took all the boarders captive, surprised everyone by appearing arrayed in a sombre robe of mourning. Her face was pale and sorrowful, and there was a sadness in her voice that excited the sympathy of all who saw her.

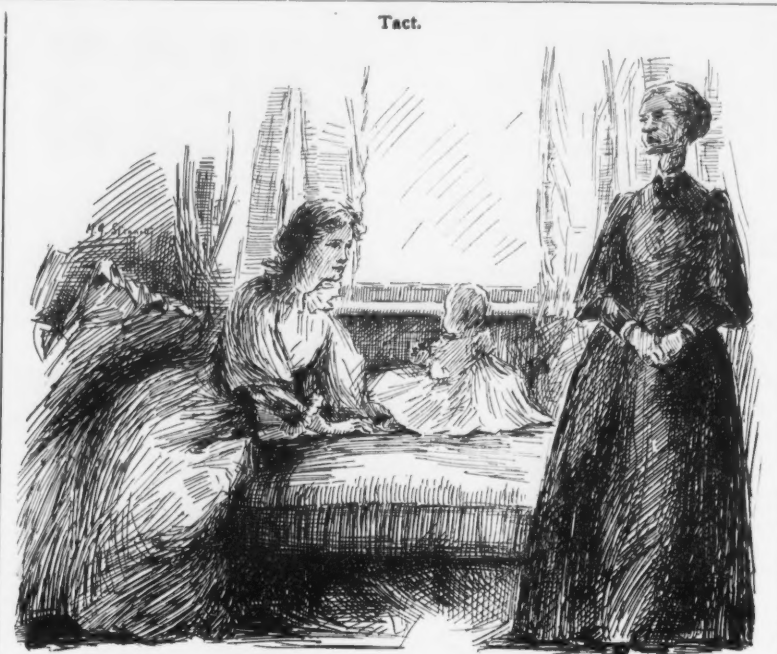
All but one, Bradford, the "gentleman gambler," whose dark eyes and long black mustache had dawned upon the camp a few months before, wore a scowl as he got up from his late breakfast table. He had eaten slowly, if indeed he had eaten anything at all. The miners had breakfasted long before; only a few business men, gamblers and idlers were at the table, and one by one they finished their meal and departed, until only he and the widow remained. As he passed her chair on his way out he stopped and hurriedly whispered: "Fool! what are you doing with that dress on? Were you supposed to know that you were a widow when you started? And if not, how do you expect to account for that dress between last night and this morning?" Then, with a suppressed oath, he strode angrily out from the room.

The widow looked frightened. She hastily arose and went to her room. The landlord, out on the porch, was talking to Jerry and dubiously shaking his head. "Now, where in blizen did she get them duds?" he said, in a manner that impressed Jerry most painfully.

The latter slowly worked his jaws, expecting in gloomy silence. At last, "Fac' is," he replied, "these here women is stonishin'; me an' you don't know no more 'bout 'em than they do of tun's, drif's and winzes. I reckon that big trunk of hers was full of clo'es, an' she come pervided fer ev'ry contingency. Of course, she couldn't be knowned as now Lowry had flunked till I told'er; an' she did carry on amazin'." I'm tellin' you.

That mourning costume was the seed from which sprang curiosity, doubt, and finally suspicion. Mrs. Lowry took possession of the little cabin in which her husband had lived, and there she slept and did her own cooking. She seldom showed herself except to attend to business in connection with the sale of the mine, a transaction that she showed a feverish anxiety to close. But she was at all times gracious and pleasant to the men, and half the camp were madly in love with her. Independent of the mine, which was worth a cool hundred thousand, if a cent, and which Lowry had fortunately located in her name, she could have married any one of the magnates of the camp off hand within two days after her arrival if she had been so disposed.

Jerry, whom she had selected as her right-hand man, was alternately exultant and depressed. He became her slave, and would have jumped down the deepest shaft on the mountain side if she had asked him to; and yet he was much of the time troubled and perplexed. Gradually he became imbued with the idea that he had seen Mrs. Lowry before; but where or when he vainly cudgled his brain to remember. And so he went about doing her bidding, feeling amply rewarded by the smiles she showered upon him, her light, jesting talk, of which he only was the recipient, and her friendly, familiar ways, that were kept for him alone. But with his companions he had become moody, taciturn, even irritable. He drank his whisky in silence,



Auntie (who owns considerable property)—Do you know Edith, I sometimes fancy baby will be like me.

Young mother (off her guard)—Like you, auntie, mercy, I hope not!

Auntie (severely)—You hope not! And why, pray, Edith.

Young mother—Oh! Good looks are frequently such a snare, you know, auntie.

drank often and deeply; he neglected his claim, and spent half his time knocking around Jim's cabin choring for the widow, running errands, and negotiating with Tom Carroll, the wealthiest mine-owner in all that region, for Mrs. Lowry's mine.

From an offer of \$50,000, Carroll finally rose to \$70,000, and there he struck.

"It's like stealin' it, an' you know it, durn you!" exclaimed Jerry wrathfully.

"It's all I can stand," was the bland reply. "If the widow can get more, all right; I shan't begrudge her the money." And Carroll turned away.

The widow was eager to accept the amount offered.

An' throw away 30,000 dol's!" growled Jerry. "It's a fortune in itself. You can get what the mine's worth if you don't rush so blamed fast. You got all summer before you. Ketch me lettin' that swindlin' Carroll get away with the mine like that; it's worse'n stage robbin'."

But the widow was obstinate. She must return east; she needed money at once; she had left a dear sister almost on her death-bed; she couldn't manage the mine if she kept it; and if Carroll should change his mind she would not probably be able to sell it at all—a dozen other reasons that came promptly and plausibly from her persuasive lips.

And so, exactly one week from the day of her arrival, the bargain was concluded. The next day the papers were to be prepared and the transfer duly made, and the following day Mrs. Lowry was to start on her return trip east.

Jerry was in an ugly mood that evening, and even his most intimate companions let him severely alone. For three hours he sat at a poker game, and during all that time he did not utter a word except to sullenly name his bets, call for his cards, and demand his drink. He drank heavily, and lost heavily as he drank. In the subsequent expressive language of the bar-keeper, "Jerry played the rottenness game that ever disgraced the house. He's worse than down on his luck; since the widow come he's got to be a blazin' jet. He ought to swallow a few ounces of nitro-glycerine an' then set down hard on a rock; it might knock some sense into him."

When Jerry, his last dollar gone, arose from the gaming table, he started straight out into the night. The stars were shining large and luminous in that clear mountain atmosphere; the air was cool and sweet, and high up on the mountain side the tall pines were peacefully dreaming in the shadows. But the glories of the night had no attractions for Jerry. His mind dwelt solely upon the widow, and irresistibly his feet turned up the narrow trail that led to her cabin.

The fascination that Mrs. Lowry had exercised upon Jerry, and all in the short space of a week, was a thing that he could not comprehend. Her beauty, her magnetism, the secret of her clothing, the familiar and confidential tone of voice with which she invariably addressed him, all had conspired to infatuate him completely. For the last three days he had gone about under a spell; had he been hypnotized he could not have been more completely subject to her influence. The thought of her going away was to him something worse than death. The camp, the mine, the blue sky above him, all his surroundings had merged themselves into that one woman, and with her exit they would melt away and leave him the center of a black and dismal void.

Such was his feeling; and, being by nature unintelligent and coarse, it served only to madden and brutalize him. It was a short time in which to be metamorphosed from a freeman into a slave, from a thoughtless, contented, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care miner into a wretched, ailing, miserable do-nothing, who could see nothing in the world but one woman, and in whose mind was room for but a single thought—that he was about to lose her. But men of intelligence, refinement and wide experience with women in even a shorter time, and have done even crazier things than he. He no longer puzzled himself over the question of her identity. Was she in truth Lowry's widow? He did not know, but neither did he care now. Had he seen that face before? Possibly; but if he had, it was now a matter of indifference to him when or where, or under what circumstances. He could not let her go away, or if she went he was determined to go with her. And so he stumbled up the trail, aflame with love and liquor, and there was no light in the window as Jerry made the turn in the trail that brought him almost to the cabin door. Suddenly he collided with an object; he started back with an oath, and at the same time he heard an exclamation of surprise.

A man stood before him, and in the bright starlight Jerry could see that it was Bradford, the gambler. Jerry's hand went to his pistol. "You here, an' at this time o' night!" yelled Jerry, in a voice like the explosion of a blast.

"You sneaking spy, take that!" cried Bradford, suddenly springing forward and striking him a blow in the face that sent him sprawling. But even as the blow was struck Jerry thrust his right hand upward and forward, there was a blaze of fire, and the still night became alive with the reverberating echoes of a pistol shot.

Headlong down the steep trail, over Jerry's body, fell Bradford, uttering a single cry, "Oh, God!" And there he lay speechless, motionless, his face prone in the dust.

The shock of the blow and of his fall, and the report of the pistol, instantly cleared away the fumes from Jerry's brain, but before he could arise he heard a shriek, the cabin door flew open, and a figure clothed in white came running down the trail, calling out in tones of terror: "John, John! Oh, what is it! John, what has happened!" And thus calling and running, in a

### Tact.



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Young mother (off her guard)—Like you, auntie, mercy, I hope not!

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Young mother—Oh! Good looks are frequently such a snare, you know, auntie.

few seconds Mrs. Lowry, clothed only in her night-dress, was down the trail stooping over the two prostrate forms, sobbing, moaning, and crying for help.

Jerry, ashamed, half-frightened, closed his eyes and lay quiet. The widow, shuddering, gave him a glance and then flung herself upon Bradford's body. And there she lay, fondling his face, mingling her frantic kisses with curses upon the man who shot him, until at last she fainted.

Jerry was no coward, but the unexpected meeting, with its tragical result, had unnerved him; he got up and stealthily hurried away. Besides, her words had cut him to the heart. Her curses, her scorn, her vindictive raging—these he could not stay to face. Suddenly he stopped and abruptly flung his hand to his head. Like a flash that face and form were again before him, but in other surroundings than these.

"Greatflumes!" he exclaimed, as he gazed blankly up at the stars; "it's Maudie Le Brunt, the brazenest female in all Sacramento!"

The papers were not made out the next day. That morning a woman, closely veiled, climbed into the out-going stage at a point below the camp; and that very afternoon another woman, plainly dressed, with streaks of gray in her hair and a face that indicated years of patient toil and sadness and trouble, was gently assisted from the stage at the hotel door. And it was Jerry who helped her to alight.

"Fellers," he said, as in a few moments a dozen or more miners crowded up to the bar. "Fellers, fac' is, women is uncertain, but they can't fool us allers. Here's to the widder!"—*T. B. B.*

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"Very well, thanks. I am now a prison warden, and make a little extra by selling eatables to the prisoners."  
"And you are married, I suppose? Did your wife bring you any fortune?"  
"No that, exactly; but all her relatives are customers of mine."—*Dorffbarbier.*

**Parents Must Have Rest**  
A president of one of our colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

**A Misfit.**  
Visitor—How is it you always engage such stout women cooks?  
Lady of the House—Because it is the only way I can think of to prevent my dresses being worn when I am away at the seaside.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

**English Opinion**  
A writer in *Herapath's* London, England, *Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:  
"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."  
After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:  
"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

**A Western Philosopher's Wisdom.**  
Every bride, when she returns from her wedding trip, says she has married the best man in the world.  
Women's eyes grow too dim for reading or sewing, but they never grow too dim to detect paint from the real color on a girl's cheeks.  
The girl makes the greatest objection to any public demonstration of affection before marriage; the man makes the objection afterward.  
"Dear Lord," said an Atchison man the other

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morning at grace. "I would ask Thy blessing on this food, but I realize it is cooked too miserably for Thee to waste Thy valuable time in blessing, so instead I urge it upon Thee that Thou instill into my wife's heart that it is better to cook steak acceptably for one man than to raise ten dollars by working two weeks for a church social." The indignant woman has gone to her mother's.—*Atchison Globe.*

**Harvest Excursions**  
On August 22, September 12 and October 11 1893, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., will sell tickets at standard single fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Chicago to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and to points in Manitoba as far as and including Brandon. For rates of fare, time tables and full information send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, No. 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

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Experienced Parson—Um—er—whatever you think your wife is worth.

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Parson—Well, call round again in a few years. Perhaps the estimate will be then within your means.

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## Music.

**T**HE concert by Sousa's splendid military band in the Pavilion Music Hall on Friday and Saturday of last week were attended by large audiences on each occasion. The reputation which preceded this fine organization was fully sustained by their performances, the enthusiasm aroused by their playing furnishing unmistakable proof of the excellent impression created by them upon this, their first appearance in Toronto. As a military band the grouping of the different families of instruments represented in the organization renders it unique among its class, being perhaps the best possible compromise between an orchestra and the ordinary military band without the actual introduction of strings. The tonal qualities of the band are characterized more by brilliancy than richness, the latter quality being less satisfactory than in Gilmore's band when I last heard it. Certain contemplated changes by Mr. Sousa, such as the addition of bass and tenor flutes to complete a quartette of this family of instruments, the discarding of his E flat clarinets and the strengthening of his bass section, will do much towards establishing an ideal balance of tone. In the interpretation of the various numbers, whether of the more exacting classical and modern overtures and selections or the too numerous lighter compositions, Mr. Sousa proved himself a thorough musician and an admirable leader, justifying the claims made on behalf of his superb band that it stands without a peer on this continent, due largely to the personal magnetism and undoubted talent possessed by the conductor. The reception given Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, the cornet soloist, formerly of Toronto, was a gratifying testimony of his popularity in this city. His solos were rendered in excellent style and encores were enthusiastically demanded on each occasion. The violin solos by Miss Leonora von Stosch were among the most enjoyable artistic events of the series of concerts. Miss von Stosch won a decided triumph in her different numbers, demonstrating remarkable virtuosity, particularly in her brilliant rendition of the Mendelssohn concerto on the evening of the first concert. Besides possessing splendid technical ability, Miss von Stosch produces an excellent tone and plays with true musicianly feeling, her performances generally promising a most brilliant future. Signorina Moreska, the soprano, also created a favorable impression, and the concert as a whole have established for Mr. Sousa and his fine band a warm place in the affections of Toronto's music-loving citizens, who will certainly accord him a generous welcome whenever he revisits this city. Mr. I. E. Suckling has again placed our citizens under tribute for the entertainments furnished through the engagement of so excellent a body of musicians.

Mr. Sousa's admirable personal qualities and genial temperament are not the least interesting of his characteristics. In the course of conversation with him he expressed pleasure at the reception accorded him upon this, his first Canadian tour, and gratification at the intelligence of Canadian audiences. Mr. Sousa also paid a high compliment to the talent of Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, as evidenced in the excellent waltzes The Lotus Eaters, as played by the band at the Saturday evening concert. This composition, which probably is the most meritorious of its kind yet written by a native composer, will be played by Mr. Sousa during his present tour through the States, also a Scherzo by Mrs. Blackstock which Gilmore's band played in Toronto several years ago, and which at the time called forth from the popular leader of the band a public acknowledgment of its merit.

Speaking of military bands, Mr. Sousa pronounced the band of the Garde Republicaine of Paris the finest of its kind in Europe. The Guards' bands of London, particularly the band of the 2nd Life Guards, which he considers at present superior to the Grenadiers, were also highly spoken of. The bands of the Prussian or Austrian Guards Mr. Sousa had not heard.

I have received a copy of the new calendar of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Leipzig. This prosperous institution, notwithstanding the conservatism of its directorate during the past few years in the department of pianoforte instruction, was never more largely attended or better equipped for work than at the present time. With the finest conservatory buildings in Germany, if not in Europe, and a faculty which commands respect by reason of the many eminent men comprising it, the results being accomplished, particularly in the department of theory, orchestral work and organ instruction, will compare favorably with any of its great European rivals. Mendelssohn's brief connection with this eminent school, a connection which was frequently interrupted so far as his active work as a teacher was concerned, served, however, to give it a prestige which enabled his successors to develop the work so remarkably and achieve results which exceeded the fondest hopes of its founder, Mendelssohn, who died four years after the opening of the institution. The remarkable success of the so-called Leipzig school of pianoforte playing, which finds its principal representative in Leipzig in Prof. Martin Krause, and the evident antagonism of the ultra-classicists of the conservatory to the innovations of the new methods, have resulted in what may be regarded as a temporary deterioration in this department of instruction. That the new school is bound to triumph seems certain, and it seems only a question of a short time when the directorate of the conservatory will bow to the inevitable and invite representative teachers of the Leipzig school to a place on the faculty. Although excellent pianists graduate from the conservatory every year, it is none the less true that the virtuosic aspect of pianoforte instruction is at present below par at the institution which, for so many years, enjoyed what might almost be termed a monopoly in this respect.

The next concert of the Toronto Orchestra will introduce as a soloist Herr Rudolf Ruth, the newly appointed teacher of the violoncello and piano at the College of Music. Herr Ruth has also been selected as 'cellist for a newly organized string quartette, which is composed

of teachers of the College, including, besides Herr Ruth, Herr Klingensfeld, first violin; Herr Kuchenneister, second violin, and Mr. Wellman, viola. This organization will, in all probability, be heard from during the season in concert work.

On All Saints' Day a full choral evensong service was held at St. Simon's church, the musical part of the service being under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the talented organist of the church. The several anthems rendered by the excellent choir were given with fine effect, the expression and intonation as well as quality of tone shown by the boys reflecting the highest credit upon their training. Sainer's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in A; the anthem, What are These, by the same composer, and Elvey's Praise the Lord were the principal musical numbers.

The approaching Grand Opera performances in English beginning on Monday evening next and continuing throughout the week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees, promise to be among the most important musical events of the year. Mme. Marie Tavy and an exceptionally strong company, including a chorus of more than forty trained singers and a capable orchestra of twenty performers, will be heard in such standard favorite works as Il Trovatore, Bohemian Girl, Lohengrin, Cavalleria Rusticana, Carmen and Faust, and a Saturday matinee performance of Leoncavallo's I Pagliacci, which created so great a sensation in Europe last season. The cast of soloists is remarkably strong, including among others Mlle. Penny, prima donna soprano, from the Royal Opera, Munich, and Baroness Helen von Doenhoff, contralto, late of the Imperial Opera, Berlin.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's second organ recital for this season was given on Saturday afternoon of last week in All Saints' church, the programme including a well contrasted number of selections representing the German, French, English and American schools of organ music. Mr. Fairclough's rendition of the different numbers again demonstrated his excellent ability as an organist who combines with rare technical ability an honesty of purpose and conscientiousness in the character of the work presented by him which should serve as a model for students of the organ generally.

The recital on the Janko keyboard, which is to be given on Monday evening next in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music by Madame A. Pupin, of New York, will without doubt prove a most interesting event, as illustrating the wonderful capabilities of this remarkable invention. Mme. Pupin is highly spoken of by the critical press of Eastern cities as a pianist of considerable ability, having appeared several times as soloist in connection with the Theodore Thomas orchestral concerts.

The organ solos which form an important part of the musical service in connection with the Sunday services at the Sherbourne street Methodist church, are rapidly becoming most popular features of the music of that church. Mr. Blakeley, the organist, has succeeded in awakening considerable interest in this special portion of the musical programme, the list of selections already rendered being an evidence of his versatility in adapting all styles of music to the organ and of his industry in preparing this work weekly. Mr. Blakeley begins a series of free monthly matinee recitals on Saturday afternoon next. An excellent programme has been prepared for the occasion, including representative works of classical and popular composers.

It is announced that Mme. Nordica, the gifted vocalist, whose charming personality has won her so many admirers in this city, has been engaged to sing in Bayreuth next season as alternate artist in Lohengrin, as Elsa; Tannhauser, as Venus, and Parsifal as Kundry.

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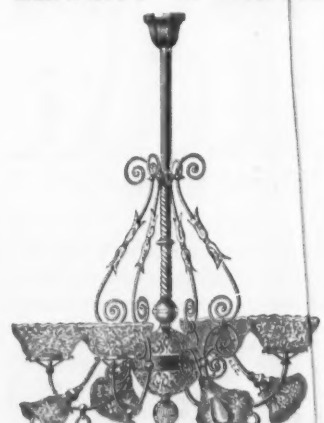
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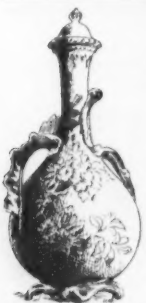
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Births.

PERRAM—Nov. 2, Mrs. Walter H. Perram, a son.  
ROBERTSON—Oct. 31, Mrs. Alex. Robertson, a daughter.  
SPORN—Nov. 3, Mrs. P. H. Sporn, a son.  
CALDWELL—Nov. 1, Mrs. William Caldwell, a daughter.  
MULCAHY—Orilla, Oct. 30, Mrs. T. Mulcahy, a daughter.  
POST—Whitby, Nov. 1, Mrs. A. A. Post, a daughter.

GAMBLE—Bantford, Nov. 3, Mrs. J. Gamble, a daughter.  
HOLT—Goderich, Nov. 5, Mrs. Philip Holt, a son.  
GAMBY—Goderich, Nov. 5, Mrs. Guy Gamby, a son.  
TISDALL—Clinton, Nov. 3, Mrs. J. P. Tisdall, a son.  
SMOKE—Nov. 4, Mrs. T. O. Smoke, a son.  
CATHCART—Stungart, Oct. 19, Mrs. R. Cathcart, a son.

### Marriages.

DARLING—HOSRAWSE—On Oct. 30th, 1893, by the Rev. Thomas Manning, of Sherbourne street Methodist church, Dr. R. E. Darling of Kewness, Ont., to Helen Marie, youngest daughter of Mrs. Margaret Hosrawse of Toronto.  
DAVIDSON—BLAKE—Nov. 2, Alexander Bruce Davidson to Mary A. Blake.  
SMITH—WIGHTMAN—Nov. 2, Charles H. Smith to Liz's Wightman.  
CAMERON—LYLE—Oct. 30, G. B. Cameron to M. M. Lyle.  
CAMPEL—DINNING—Oct. 28, James Morley Campbell to Louisa R. Dinning.  
DAVIDSON—STEVENSON—Nov. 7, W. W. Davidson to Maude Mary Stevenson.  
KNAPP—LEAMAN—Nov. 2, Bernard Francis Knapp to Mary E. Leaman.  
MONTGOMERY—SNARR—Nov. 1, Beauchamp H. Montgomery to Ada May Snarr.

### Deaths.

MITCHELL—Nov. 2, Minnie Mitchell.  
SMITH—Oct. 31, Peter Smith, aged 45.  
LETT—Chicago, Nov. 3, Katherine Lett.  
KENNEDY—Nov. 4, Marion Kennedy, aged 56.  
PHILLIPS—Chicago, Nathaniel J. Phillips, aged 33.  
PETTIGREW—Nov. 3, John V. Pettigrew, aged 13.  
FRIDHAM—Los Angeles, Oct. 21, W. C. Fridham.  
THURSH—Nov. 3, Mary A. Q. Thush, aged 60.  
KIRKWOOD—Nov. 7, William Kirkwood, aged 60.  
MOORE—Orilla, Oct. 31, Alice Moore, aged 14.  
MARA—London, Nov. 7, Thomas A. Mara, aged 49.  
MILLER—Nov. 7, William Miller.  
CARTER—Nov. 4, Nora Eliza Carter.  
HARRITT—Nov. 6, Sarah Ann Harritt, aged 52.  
SHAW—Nov. 6, Margaret McElroy Shaw.  
DOYLE—Nov. 6, Frances Doyle, aged 88.  
POOLE—N. Y. 6, Isabella McElroy Poole.  
MCLEWEN—Nov. 8, Judson F. McEwen, aged 4.

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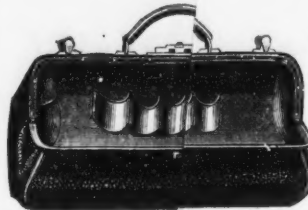
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